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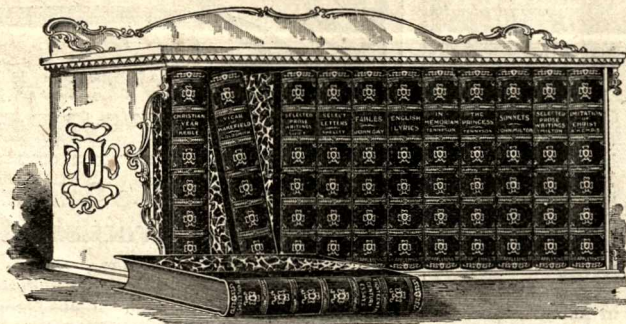
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# THE IROQUOIS MAGAZINE

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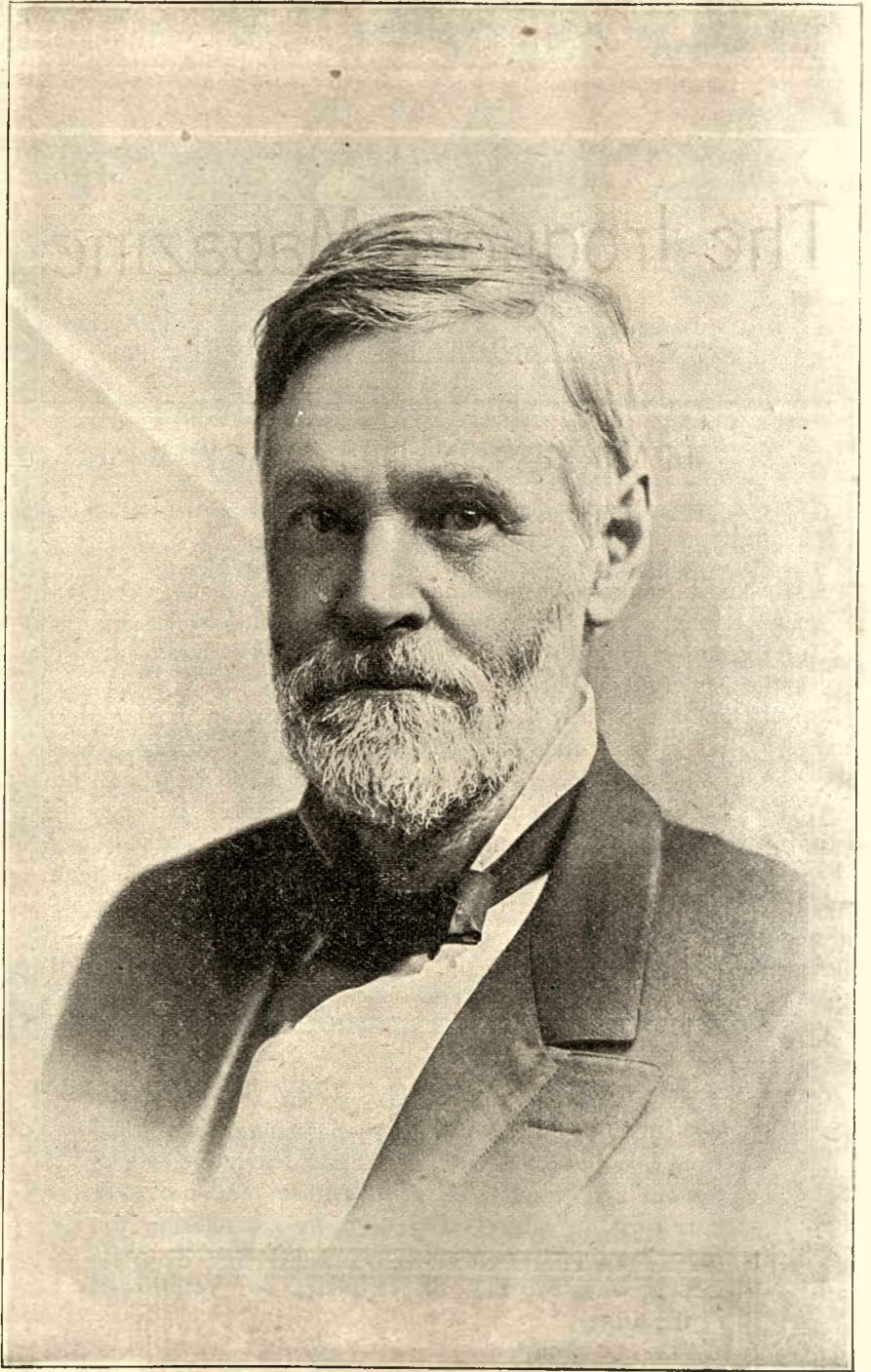
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JOHN SHERMAN.  
Secretary of State.



# The Iroquois Magazine.

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## FRANKNESS IN DIPLOMACY.

BY THE SECRETARY OF STATE.

**I**AM asked if frankness in diplomacy is desirable. It is, generally, because truth and fair-dealing ultimately bring better and more enduring results—results that are better in a broad and general sense—than do the arts of the prevaricator and dissembler.

Perfect frankness in the consideration of matters involving the interests of nations is not always attainable. There must be at least two parties to every contention the settlement of which is to be reached through diplomacy. Frankness ought to characterize the negotiations between them, although it may not always be true that it does.

Frankness, in the sense of acquainting persons outside of the controversy with its details, is not desirable. Publicity would often render of no avail negotiations of immense importance—negotiations which, if permitted to be carried to their intended conclusion, might prove of great benefit to the parties in interest and, perhaps, to the world.

*John Sherman*





## WHEN THE AMERICAN TRAVELS.

**I**N TRAVELING you are never seen at your best. If a tourist, hurriedly seeing sights, you are at an even greater disadvantage. You carry as little baggage as possible, on account of the bother of it and the uncertainties and expenses of transportation abroad. Often there is no time for having your clothes pressed, and they are badly rumpled by the postures you are likely to take in railroad cars. Long rides, hasty toilets, being compelled to hurry to a train before you are half way through an entrancing old cathedral, misunderstanding the dialect of the servants in a land whose tongue you thought that you had mastered, or, not knowing the language, trying out of a book like "French Learned in a Week" to converse with a busy Custom-House official, eating hurried meals of a fare to which you are unaccustomed, the difference in all of the methods of living and travel which you are compelled to learn by more or less striking and bitter experiences—all combine to ruffle your temper. The patriotism which, at least, lies dormant in the breast of every American, it is to be hoped, is bound to rise up when thus harassed in a foreign country, and is likely to assert itself in a manner of which its owner will probably find himself slightly ashamed in cooler moments.

Therefore, if one country desires the friendship of another, the best thing it can do to that end is to allow none of its citizens to travel in the other country. It is easy to imagine an Englishman, traveling in America, set down as a beast by the American who met him in a railroad train; while the same Englishman, meeting the same American in a railway carriage in England, would put the American down as a beast; whereas, if they were to meet in a club or at home, they might be charmed with each other.

I know of a Scotchman and an American who went from Paris to Havre in the same railway compartment. The Scotchman looked hard at the American, and thought what pigs the Americans must be to bring sandwiches into a carriage. The American looked equally hard at the Scotchman, and thought that the villainous cigars which Scotchmen smoked were bad enough to obliterate any respectable appetite. As a matter of fact, the American had hurried to the train without lunch, being under the impression that there was no dining car on the train, and had determined to eat the "bite" he had bought at the last moment out of spite; and the Scotchman, having been forced to smoke French cigars for a week, could not be expected to be in a philosophical frame of mind.

As luck would have it, they sat next to each other at the table and had adjoining staterooms on the Dover-Calais boat. The next morning, in



England, they found themselves again forced to occupy the same compartment. By the time they reached London they thoroughly hated each other, and said as much by their glances when they parted after their silent and morose journey. Three nights later, now clean-shaven, looking trim in dress suits and clean linen, they were introduced in a certain house in London. For courtesy's sake they were obliged to converse. They went home in the same cab and stopped for refreshments on the way. They found that they had much in common, that neither was really a beast, and to-day are the firmest of friends.

And, my good Parisian, Americans really do not always go to the opera in a checked suit, a colored shirt and tan shoes. You are polite enough to him—bless you for that—but we know that in private you mimic him as only a Frenchman can mimic, and at heart you think him an uncouth savage. Consider that he has only a steamer trunk with him; he is in a hurry; he has heard ever since he was a youngster of your beautiful Opera House, and he does not want to return home without seeing it. Suppose that our Grand Opera House were just as fine, and then suppose—a more difficult supposition—that you really believed it was, might you not also think: "Well, I'm in a foreign country, where I shall meet no one who knows me; and what difference does it make if I do go in tan shoes?"

But you, if you did go to New York, would probably take your dress suit with you, I admit; for travel with you is a work of painful preparation, in which your relatives would play a part with prayers for your escape from the outlying barbarians. To you France is the only country in the world, Paris the only place in France, and the best place in Paris your favorite cafe, where you spend much of your time.

The desire of the Anglo-Saxon to see something of the world is insatiable. The English and the American easily do more traveling than all other nationalities put together. Both are unpopular on the Continent. They are about equally aggressive. Of the two, the American is the more demonstrative and the Englishman the less considerate and the more unpopular. Unfortunately, all of the quiet, well-mannered Americans are taken by the most of foreigners for Englishmen of the upper classes.

Four quiet men, who did not hammer their plates with their knives or speak in the voices of auctioneers, could not help noticing the noisy crowd of American tourists, who, in the excitement of a vacation, safely out of sight of their friends, were turning a certain French restaurant into a bedlam one evening last summer.

"Americans!" said one of the four, nodding suggestively.

"I'm an American myself, I confess," said the second man.

"So am I," said the third.

"And I likewise," said the fourth.

"I'm outnumbered, and I beg your pardon," said the Englishman. "They are a type of Americans."

"And some of the lot are English," added one of the Americans.



"I am afraid that they are, and again I beg your pardon," replied the Englishman. "Let us agree in being ashamed of them and take some satisfaction in the thought that they would not act so badly at home."

At that moment a strident voice was heard above the hubbub, saying:

"Hey! garsong, or whatever you call yourself, gimme s'more butter!"

And then, in a round English dialect:

"I sye, do you want a man to starve, you blooming froggylegs?"

Too often Americans take only their barroom manners abroad, having, it seems, packed up their good manners in their trunks at home with their good clothes.

*Frederick Palmer.*

## BEAUTY AND THE BEAST IN LITERATURE.

Oh! Beauty's song is sweet from the poet's fairy shallop,

With love-sick winds and tears,

And pale Cupid at the prow;

But when Beauty mounts wild Pegasus and whips a maddened gallop,

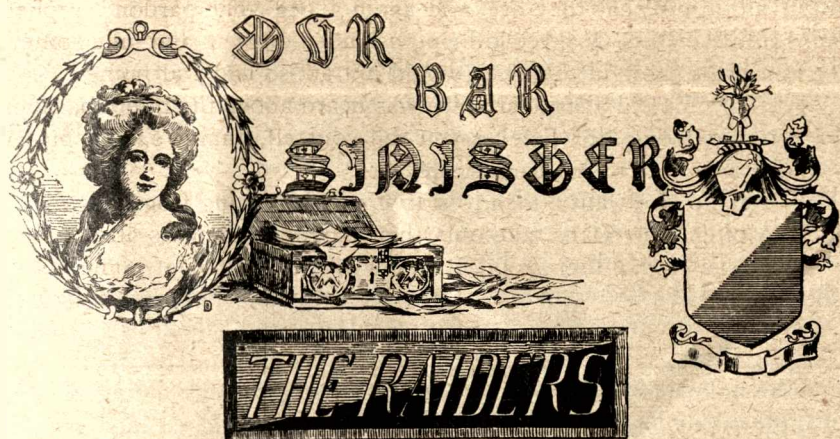
He prances and he rears,

And he throws her, like enow.

*P. W.*







**B** EING Earl of Fastnesse, by the sudden end of my brother on that dreadful night when the sword of my sister Marjory's lover pierced his heart, and confirmed in the titles, lands and rights granted to the eldest of our house by the Crown, I resolved, whilst I waited the healing of the wound given me by the same sword that drank my brother's blood, upon justice to my sister's husband—for, though I had no word of them, husband there could be no doubt he was.

True it is that at first it seemed an evil thing that ever I could forgive the slayer of my brother whom, despite our disagreements, often stormy and lasting, I had loved deeply, for his nature was strongly touched with nobility of soul and, though he had the faults common to us all, he ever was generous to a fault with me, his brother Charles, and our sister Marjory, whose elopement with Donald Coldstone, secretary to the Duchess, had cost one brother's life and nigh the other's as well. But, lying in the castle of the Duchess on the couch to which her servants had borne me on that night, at first dangling on the brink of death, later crawling back slowly to life, which all my days has been a joy to me, there rested on my mind many solemn thoughts. First, as truth will have it, was my love for my sister Marjory. Try as I would, I could not close my heart against her, longing for her girl's beauty, always a sweet delight to me, craving, in my weakness, her high spirit which ever swelled my pride, yearning for the soft pressure of her lips in sisterly love.

But there was more. The right of that unhappy night's business lay with Marjory and her lover. Her own mistress she was, and if she wished to marry him, who in justice should have gainsaid her? And as for the rest, though it was a grievous circumstance that her husband should have slain her brother, the deed was done in fair, open duel, compelled upon him by us whom he had vanquished.

In very fairness and justice, then, 'twas right I should acknowledge to

the world that no blame touched his conduct; and, that done, seek out my sister and recall her to my arms.

All this, lying on my bed, did I conceive, fretting much against the long imprisonment my wound imposed on me, and eager to begin my search. Nay, when 'twas reported to me they had taken boat and escaped to France my impatience knew no bounds, for of this country and its deboshes I had deep horror, thinking, with truth, honest people must live in our land. Then, enduring delay no longer, I dispatched a trusty messenger to make search of them, sending by him what, on the night I lay streaming in my blood, my sister had slipped on my neck—a golden heart hung by a silken cord, a gift to our mother from her royal husband—for thus in our family we called him.

This token with a loving message I sent her; and, gaining strength to bear me on my legs, went, with the Duchess's sanction and indorsement, before the King, to crave approval of the marriage of my sister with her lover, and pardon for his deed in giving mortal thrust to my brother, kinsman of His Majesty.

And what I spread before the King in my pleadings I set down here in testimony of him who, long before that night, winning his bride with fearless sword and iron heart, deserved the honor of all men.

Of the generous bounty of the Crown to our family by reason of our royal kinship, most prized by us all, indeed, were the wild acres of our border lands, for to the three of us, it has seemed, sister as well as brother, there came, with our heritage of stubbornness and pride, an untamed passion for the fastness and the rough encounter of the border. Here in our fortress we spent many happy days together, by day riding hard, often our sister with us, indulging in domestic pastimes and enjoyments by night our Marjory, the pride of us, her brothers, as of every follower of us whether he bore pike or spear in our service or was only stable boy or scullion.

To us, here, often came the Duchess; and, though no man dared breathe it then, our distant kinswoman, her face hidden with disguise, has joined us on tumultuous nights in hard riding to the South when, galloping by the stars, we crossed the line and crashed in madcap chase for pure love of raiding. But nothing of these fierce frolics of the Duchess did my sister know. In truth, she never dreamed, even, that often when she had given us good night, kissing us always as she did—so many arts she had to please our fancy—my brother on the cheek, her arms around his shoulders, me on my lips, my fingers fondling her fair hair—then we stole out, all planned beforehand, and took to horse, galloping away with eager company and raiding boldly as we rode down and back again.

It has seemed to me that 'twas here I knew my brother as he was; for blood never mingled more warmly and with truer, stronger love than ours on our border lands. Not till later had we our estrangement. But in our castle here, where I now sit, or in the court, my brother ever was cold and haughty, with a scornful mien for those who took precedence of him, as if



indeed it should have been his place to rank and theirs to follow. And never could he endure a slight from the highest source, taking liberties, indeed, when thus affronted, with the dignity of royal princes themselves, and a careless whisper or ill-intended rumor about our bar sinister carried with it peril from a sword which in all Scotland had not ten equals.

But I must on to the valor of Donald Coldstone; though, with willing heart, could I dwell on my brother, for he ever seemed to me without a rival in great men's qualities, and more like a king, in lofty thought and imperial dignity, than any Scot that has worn a crown.

With the Duchess once, her secretary, Donald, and followers both of her and us heavy armed, my sister Marjory and I were to ride back from our border fortress to court. Now what fell to me in the beginning I confess without apology, though no pride hangs to the confession. But setting out I excused myself to ride back on pressing business I said I had forgot. The truth of this errand was a young wench with flashing black eye and crimson cheek, whose bold witcheries had turned my head till, going that morn, for how long no man knew, I desired, without the knowledge of my brother and our party, to say my farewell. And dawdling there like a fool, being young and with a careless bent, kissing her farewells to have her cry, and then again to bid her stop, I overstayed my absence in all reason and discretion, until, riding fast, as the Duchess in all times would ride, her company put miles of forest and hill road between us so that, gallop as I might all that forenoon with my two lusty men I had retained, behind the others, I came not within call or sight of them.

With anxious thoughts for our Marjory, since in that disordered country no woman was safe to ride without strong escort and wise heads to caution against ambuscade, I was spurring without pity to catch up with them, when from out the woods before me, down the winding road, clattering as if in flight, came Donald Coldstone, riding like a March wind.

"Speak, man! In God's name, tell me!" I shouted, fearful, whilst yet he was fifty lengths from me and riding still with eyes staring wide open and cheek the palest on which my gaze has fallen.

But, flinging himself from his horse at my side, he stood, gasping and heaving with his chest, until, in raging impatience, I took him by the shoulder with two hands, and, crushing him down in his back plate, cried, with an oath between my teeth, if he did not tell me all at once I would have his life.

And then, catching his breath and voice, he gasped it all out: In a roadside raid they had snatched away our Marjory, dividing our company, part of them galloping off with her, the rest attacking our resisting men, until they drove them and the Duchess in panic on their way.

Twice in my life have I felt as I felt when Donald Coldstone gave me that tale—once there, when looking into his eye and hating him for the rape of my sister, I threw my hand on my hilt.

"And you!" I said, feeling my speech slow and hoarse; "how do you live to bring me this news of my sister?"

But then his eye flashed fire and he gave me contempt for contempt. Turning and half-bending, he showed, with something of scorn, his back-neck, where lay a gaping gash, and crimson streaked the metal on his shoulders.

"This stroke," he said, "laid me, for I know not how long, powerless to move my body. Yet was I able, straining on my back, to twist my neck and see whither they took your sister, and, recovering from the shock, finding my horse near by, I galloped thence to discover the way they followed, then riding back for you. And now," he said, quietly, "we must after them."

"By our King's oath, no!" I said. "For we shall ride back to my brother's, and, taking our men, shall pursue them till no one of them breathes save through a slit throat."

But now Donald was cold as ice.

"Not wisely," he said, "but foolishly and in vain shall we do that. We are enough—we and your two men, if they have skill at blade-work and an appetite for fighting. Better we should go thus than with a company in tumult and crash, for, going back to the Earl, we shall not overtake them this night," and at that ominous word a sudden sickening seized my heart and my eyes dimmed.

"If we ride with larger company," said Donald, "we shall bring a warning to them, and whilst their main force attack us, even one, riding off with her, could carry her God knows to what. You and I must make the rescue. By night—and this night," he said, sternly, "we must steal on them, encamped, and, seizing her, cut our way out to where your men will hold our horses, and then—it is our only chance."

Mounting again, therefore, since to dispute the need to save her this first night was folly, we spurred back over his tracks, our lips silent and our spirits dead, but sparing no horse, nor him whose face always was white with the pain of his wound; and my brain cried out for our Marjory, our beautiful sister, the pride of our hearts, the sun of our lives.

Coming at last—God knows it seemed a long time—to where the raiders had seized my sister, we broke from the highway, following their trail. This we pursued, noting every track they left, till shortly we issued upon the head of a valley. Down this we knew they must have started its length, for, after the first mile, no horse could climb its sides, steep, like cliffs, and buttressed with stone.

For two things, as we rode with the sun touching the side hills, we prayed—that we might nearly overhaul them before, darkness coming, we should rush upon them unawares, alarming them with our hoofs and discovering ourselves to them all too soon; and then that, having found them, night might cover us soon whilst we crept close to rescue my sister.

How we traversed those miles down the valley, riding close in to its



sides for concealment in the shadows, approaching with caution every turn lest, they being just beyond it, we might reveal ourselves to them; then spurring on to the next bend, only again to creep around it; wishing light to linger that we might make rapid pace, yet begging night to wrap us from men's sight—how we went thus, galloping and creeping by turn, giving oaths now and now praying, I cannot tell you—for 'twas naught but a breathless chase till of a sudden, coming where the valley narrowed with a sweep till, like folding walls, its sides came close together, making scarce more than a door, so narrow was the way, we halted, cool and voiceless, for we knew if camp was pitched by the raiders this evening we should find it beyond the pass—and, soon as night fell, a picket posted at its entrance.

Then it was that Donald Coldstone, his face more pinched with the hurt of his rash, his lips dry and drawing, bound my heart to his with such courage and such daring, tempered with caution and judgment, as no man—not my brother even—ever has shown me.

Posting our two men with the horses in a thicket next the west side of the valley, where the shadows lay darkest, Donald and I, as the twilight descended, dragged ourselves slowly down the pass. More than a hundred paces we followed it, till, curving abruptly, it debouched again on the lower valley; and here, not half a mile below, where from the mountain side fell a singing cascade, running away in a brook that at first churned white with foam, lay the encampment where I knew was held my sister prisoner, and what else I dared not picture.

Then, whilst the vision of the camp—horses on their picket thongs, saddles piled in precision, equipment carefully ordered, blazing wood by the brook side—whilst these and the sight of the busy robbers who had stolen our sister blinded me for the time with rage and hatred, Donald pushed me down with quick hand, and, whispering a warning in my ear, pointed with his finger to where a dismounted horseman, full-armed like a soldier, approached. Posting to the pass, he was whistling carelessly as he strode on, and I remember the thought flashed through me that I should like to have his heart, as he whistled thus, receive the steel of my sword. But Donald drew me aside into a clump, so that not ten paces we were from where he stopped; and there he stood, we lying still, our guarded breathing seeming to make a noise we would hush. So we stayed motionless until full night came down, with its black coat; and this knave, rattling his sidearms merrily—reckless and brave he was—fell to pacing up the pass and back again, returning almost at regular intervals. Constantly and steadily he repeated this, and always whistling.

Starting through the pass once, then, his broad back had no sooner disappeared than Donald put lip to my ear.

"Do you," he whispered, "stay here whilst I crawl up to the pass's mouth, and when he returns"—no need to complete the sentence.

There lay I, straining my ear to catch the rustling of a leaf, the turning

of a grass-spear, whilst Donald moved to where death awaited one or the other. So still he stole, so soft his crawling hands and knees, no sound could I catch save the drums of my imaginings. Nor did I hear the sentinel come whistling back, though I waited long, till I scarce could contain myself. And so I hung expectant in the night, hot and cold by turns, thinking I heard a struggle, a fall, a cry, until, able to endure suspense no longer, without calling out for Donald, to know his fate, I, myself on hands and knees crawling, followed his track. And creeping thus and peering around the mouth of the pass where Donald had gone to meet his man, I felt a weight unchain from my heart, for there he stood, motionless, and at his feet lay the guard—a long, dark shadow, his face upturned, his eyes, wide open but lifeless, glittering under the stars.

"A coward's blow," said Donald, smiling at me with a strange, passionless determination on his white face, "yet necessary. At the other end he had heard something—a horse's stamp, a whinny—who knows what? Running, he returned; and, breathing fast with suppressed excitement, doubtless to cry an alarm; and, as he came full up against me I caught him by the throat and with my dagger struck him deep, and he lay so—still and dead."

He spoke slowly, softly, without emotion, as if he but described the pitching of a quoit.

"I had wished," he said, "to hold my point at his throat, gaining information of his band and of her, your sister; but there was no time, and our stress was deep had he called a warning. Thank God! I came here in time!" he mused. "None the less must I have killed him after, for we could not leave our retreat cut off—not with a woman. Yet a pity," he added, in his strange, solemn way, "to strike out a man's life with no chance for him to lift his hand."

Then, as if putting thought of his act out of mind for always, he turned his face toward the camp.

"I had thought," he said, "to post you here in his place, myself going forward to discover how I might take her from them. And, having found her, I should bring her here to join you. "But," he added—and such daring with confidence I have seen in no other man's face—"though I shall find her and take her, it may be—and two swords will do quicker work than one—we shall need to cut our way to here, where either of us could hold this pass, she and the others fleeing on with the horses. We shall go together, then." And silently, making not so much stir as the night breeze, we began our stealthy march toward the camp.

How long we crept through grass and by bush I cannot tell, for slow, indeed, was our progress—first, since discovery would be fatal to the rescue of my sister; second, since we dared not approach too near whilst all were up and stirring. But near the greater fire there was much noise, with loud laughter, boisterous joke and something of brawling, so that I knew some of the Duchess's bottles, which she ever carried, were emptying down knavish throats. And so it was, for the singing grew louder, first; and then,



dying away by fits, a silence fell as the raiders went to their shawls and blankets for sleep.

So we lay near to them, waiting for the fires to sink low, and hearing, now and then, as we neared, only the ring of sidearms or the post calls of the sentinels. Then, creeping ever nearer, till, in a great bush this side the brook, we lay so close a spear could have touched a sentinel, still we waited, thanking God the moon, though full and strong, lay low in a black cloud spreading half the nether sky. And, peering here and there, catching stray bits of talk, mingled with oaths and vile levity, we gathered what most our hearts desired—knowledge of where my sister was.

Backed against the cliff wall of the valley, near where the cascade fell, stood a hut—some shepherd's or herder's—and here we knew she was; without the door a guard with halberd or pike—which we could not note; within, we prayed, safe as yet, my sister.

Crouching thus, we waited till all save the sentinel before us were withdrawn for drunken slumber or sleepy duty elsewhere; and then, before I scarce could raise myself or lift my hand or comprehend the deed, Donald, light as a cat, leaping the brook with noiseless spring, caught the sentinel by the throat from behind, strangling his cry before its utterance; and, though I saw no flash of dagger, plain before my eyes was the plunge of Donald's arm, and my ears caught the shock of the stroke and the stifled sigh as, sinking, the raider struck the grassy earth, so quick it was, almost in the same instant with his halberd.

My heart leaping against my hilt, held close to my side, to guard a warning sword-clank, I joined Donald, always white and ghost-like, but so sure and swift in every act it filled me with awe. Then along the brook, grown with low willows, we stole, till behind a tree we reached near the corner of the hut, where, standing tense, each keyed for aught that might chance in enterprise so perilous, we saw come to the door a tall, black man, whose face we saw, in the embers' light thrown from the door which he opened, though cruel, with hard jaw and fierce straight hair on upper lip, was handsome. And when his hand fell on the latch the blood in my veins ran to ice, and I bent forward, ready to leap and strike. But then, though he spoke a word to her within, there came no answer, and he, giving a low laugh at the scornful silence, walked away, crying a sharp command to the sentinel.

His footsteps having died, the heavy tread of the sentinel passing up and down from near us to the other angle of the hut, I heard, so close to my ear I was near to revealing our hiding with a violent start, a bird's sweet night call. And then silence, while I marveled at Donald's alert head as he waited. For a time there was nothing, but at last, the door opening slightly, a faint streak of light stole out. Again the soft call. The door closed, and all was as before, disclosing to me that there was secret signal 'twixt Donald and my sister Marjory.

Our plan it was that at proper time, as the sentinel turned near us to re-

trace his post path, Donald should spring upon him, slaying him swiftly and silently, as he had finished the others, I running to the hut to bring forth my sister. This he did then, nor did I see him, nor hear word or sound; for, speeding to the hut, I threw open the door, and, snatching my sister Marjory from the stool whereon she sat, suddenly, roughly indeed, so quick must we be, closed the door after us, to shut in the light again. Neither looking at her nor saying aught save "Thank God! Thank God!" I half dragged her to where Donald leaned over the guard. Nor did he, looking up at her, speak, but his eye shone deep, and the deathly whiteness of his face seemed for once to vanish. Standing up with us, he paused in after-thought; then, stooping again, lifted the body of the sentinel, and, staggering to the brook, thrust it in where it might not be seen if, perchance, some one passed that way without discovery of the escape.

Then swiftly, but silently, we ran, I holding Marjory's arm to support her, Donald at the other side. For the first time looking down at her, I saw how white was her face, too—not from fear, for that my sister never felt; not from the strain of what she had endured, for, though a woman, hers was a lion's heart; nor was it the peril we faced, nor yet the hazard of bold deeds, that, however strong man's courage, send the blood from his cheeks. But, looking at her so, two things I saw—for one, saying a prayer of thankfulness, for there was that in the carriage of her beautiful head, even as we plunged on, in the glance of her proud eye, in the curve of her scornful lip, that stilled my most harrowing fear; the other, bidding me follow her gaze, which ever turned to Donald in yearning to know the cause of that whiteness of his face, the suffering around his mouth; and once only she panted—low like a wounded bird's cry it was—"Donald!" and a flash leaped from his eye, but no answer crossed his lips.

Nor, indeed, did I marvel why; for, a moment later arising a great din of clanking arms and shouts and oaths full four hundred paces back when we had sped, I saw him stagger, even as at the uproar he shut his jaw square and hard, his nostrils leaping for air like an untamed horse's sinking under the lash that kills him. Then I knew that he was spent—vanquished by the torture of his wound, the wracking hours in his saddle, the work of this night—no man save me who saw it knows what work.

God knows my heart sank, for I would have stayed to die at his side—but Marjory! And then I did that for which a thousand times I have blessed the power of leg and arm and chest given me at my birth and nourished in the wildness of our border home. And so, too, have I blessed the spirit of my sister, for, releasing her, I cried out, the devil shouts behind ringing after us: "Alone must you run, Marjory, with no aid from me." And, throwing my arm about Donald, I dragged him on, as he seemed dying in his tracks.

And so we sped on, stumbling, Donald and I, rocking, reeling, staggering, but always on, the pursuing shouts beating at my ear, the mocking laughter stinging my brain. But even then I knew, with our far start, we



should outstrip them to the pass, for in my veins was a pounding of blood, not weak, but leaping with strength as my heart soared high in exultation at the blade-work I should do there in the valley's mid-gate, where one true sword might hold back a hundred men.

As we ran, then, I cried to Marjory what she should do. "Take you Donald on through the pass," I panted, "shouting to our men to lead on with the horses to meet you. Let him ride between them, supporting him; and do you ride for life till the road. Nor must you stop if he is like to die from it, but, binding him to his saddle, if need be, and holding him thus, press on with whip and spur. And, coming to the long road, turn not to the left, but to the right, pushing on toward our brother's fortress; for in the morning he sets out that way, and you should meet him on his journey."

But then Donald's stiff lips parted.

"Not so!" he gasped. "There are but four beasts, and you will be left horseless. You must go on with her and save her."

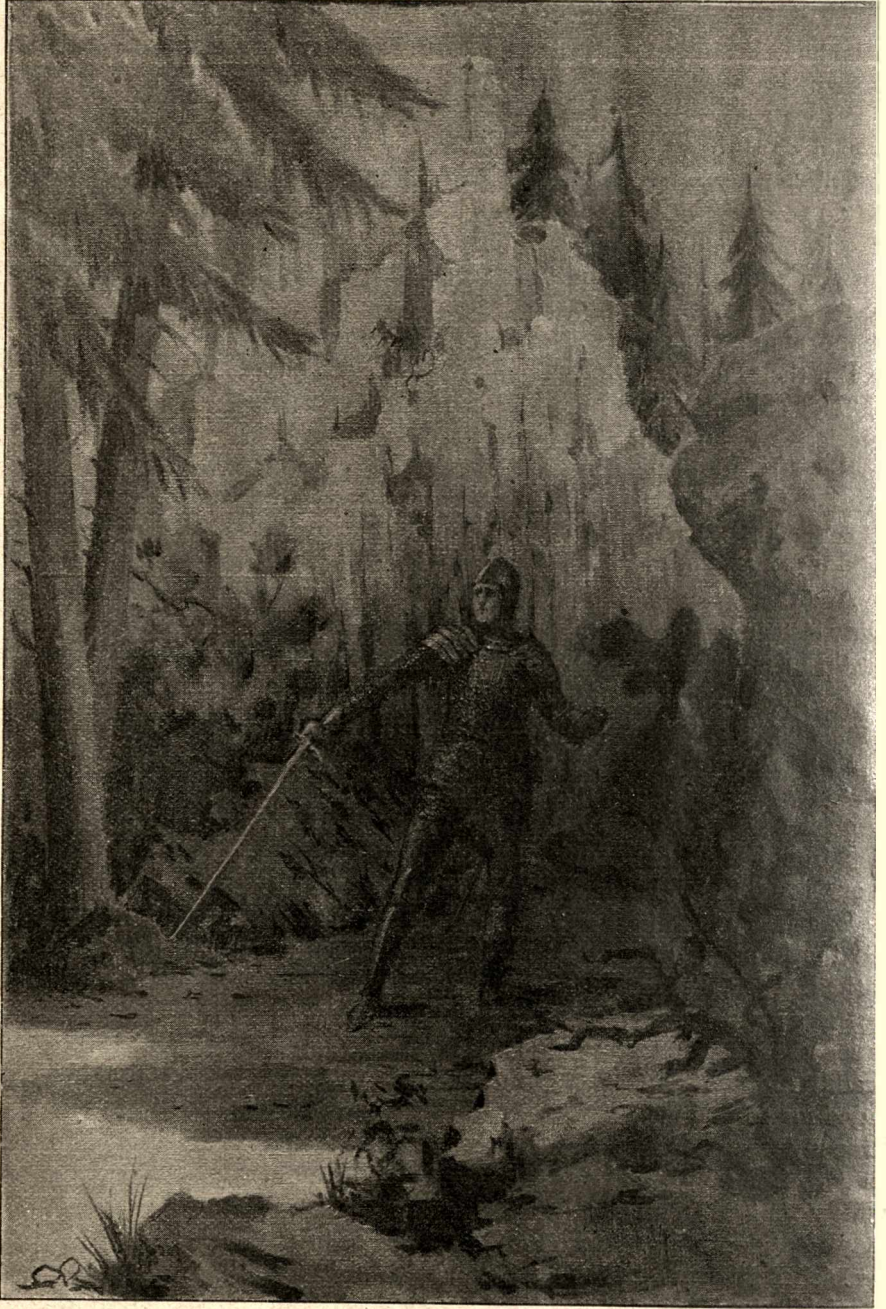
But I swore an oath at him, and, reaching the pass in that second, I thrust him behind me, Donald, in a last effort, feebly feeling for his hilt. Wheeling then, I faced the robbers, breathing hard and with a thick, moist web on my lip, but my arm strong and steady as a pike-staff.

And then Heaven sent me one more blessing this night to aid the rescue of my sister; for, planted there, my back within the pass, my arm extended, the tip of my blade without, to play free and swift—there with me in the shadow, the moon burst forth, full and clear and bright, throwing a white flood before me, to make every heart a target for my blade.

Fools were my pursuers, or drunk with recklessness, to press me there, for, as they came rushing up, crowded together in confusion, with room not even for a single fence, I had at my mercy the first of them, crushed forward from behind, as my quick blade, working fiercely with thrust or lunge or cut, sought their bawling throats and flushed faces.

In a trice, then, having, myself, clear space and open arm room, I had laid the foremost of them at my feet, sending others with torn arms or slashed cheek screaming to the rear—for men will cry out fearfully at savage sword-cut—and soon, seeing the advantage lay all with me, they forced the attack more cautiously, until we settled down, one at a time, steadily fighting, with no harm to me. At this business we had been engaged for some time—a quarter-hour, perhaps, with me rejoicing that my company was galloping up the valley to safety—when behind my enemies, his dark face scowling, his tongue crying bitter reproach on his men, came him whom first I had seen at my sister's door. Praying he might lend his body to my sword, I taunted him, defying him to come out in front, where our blades might meet, for to have finished him there would I have given all, yielding my life, did my sister but escape in safety with him stretched cold. But, paying no heed to me, he called them dumb cows and witless dogs to spill their blood in vain on my steel, whilst the real quarry, fleeing up the valley, escaped him. And, driving them back with oaths, he com-





*“Wheeling then, I faced the robbers.”*



manded them to leave me forthwith, since they could make their reckoning with me later, and, taking horse, to follow a trail leading over the hills lower down, so that, circling round the cliff-inclosed basin, they could intercept our party before they issued from the valley.

But I, knowing my sister, riding hard with her escort, weak though it was, must ere this have gone full five miles, and, with such a start, since the raiders must take the long way round, could evade them, laughed at them loudly and jeered at their retreating backs, beseeching their leader to prove himself a man, coming back to cross swords with me. None the less, they scurried back to their camp, where I heard them saddling, cursing at delay and mishap.

Yet, in suspicion that 'twas all but a plot invented to mislead me from my position, that, having tricked me, they might ride through and after my sister, I moved no step from my advantage, holding ground doggedly, mocking their mad plans. Nor did I turn till, hearing voices behind me and twisting my head to look back through the pass, I saw what held me dumfounded. At the other end stood horses, and coming toward me was my sister Marjory.

What I felt then, knowing the plans of the raiders, it is not for others to understand, save that at this sight of my sister, the most unwelcome sight ever I beheld, my heart seemed like lead, and, crying out to her in anguish, I ran back to her, and, with hurried explanation, drove them all to horse, each with a separate mount, save Marjory and me, who shared my black mare Sweetheart, swiftest and fleetest in the borderland.

How my sister loved me for that night's work I knew when, riding thus through those weary hours, not once, but a hundred times; her face, coming close to mine, she let our cheeks touch, or her hand lingered on mine, as if caressing it, so that, though with deepest gloom, I pictured what awaited us when we quit the valley, or, perchance, if the marauders, anticipating us, entered it before we left it—though then I felt more hopeless than since my sister was stolen away, yet I smiled bravely in her sweet face, and, as we galloped, kissed her.

Cheer came with the breaking of the dawn, for in the night, bright though the moon be and brave one's heart, hours drag with heavy wings and danger wears more threatening aspect. Then, too, with light to see clearly and no shadow to entrap my feet, I could spare my bonny mare, slipping from her back from time to time, and, hand on her mane, running at her side, till my lungs were near to stifling. And always, when we walked our horses to breath or ease them, did I and my men go afoot, saving every ounce of them we could. But, hastening on again, we called on them for their utmost. And going thus, my sister's courage marvelous to resist fatigue and faintness, Donald's iron will keeping him astride his mount when he looked fit to drop like a stone, we pressed on, our beasts, save Sweetheart, at the end of the valley, lagging under spurs that dripped their blood.

Yet here our spirits soared again, for there was no sight of our pursuers where the hills dipped and vanished, running into the forest; and the sun, full up, was streaming now on weary men and crawling beasts. Yet we pressed on until far behind I heard hoofbeats and then sounding arms. Yet, with the danger close at hand again, was I not hopeless, as is my nature, for I said grimly: "'Tis better to have them behind, making tumult to warn us, than before, lying still in ambuscade, to cut us down, like blades of grass."

A dreadful thing it was, though, to plunge a spur deep in quivering flank and yet feel but the faintest response of effort, when behind came our enemies, shouting and cheering, for now they saw us. Dreadful, too, was the thought that we had come so near to safety but to be snared—more bitter than having failed in the beginning, to take the worst, with no hope of success, no chance for life. Yet better we did than, in my suspense, I imagined, for the pursuers' horses, too, were all but spent, so that, though they gained, they were slow to ride us down.

Then, in my sister's ear, I begged her, since Sweetheart still had further speed in her, pressing on, to leave us, trusting to God to lead her to our brother or other safety. But at the word, her pale cheek flushing lightly, she did no more than return look into my eyes with hers, gray and brave. Nor syllable would she give me in reply; so I knew 'twas useless to urge her further, since she was resolved to share our fate.

Now, with the screaming raiders not five hundred lengths behind us, here showing through the trees, there hidden by the foliage, over Donald came a change that stirred my wonderment. Like a dead man, riding colorless, had he been for hours. But somehow, with his will, in our stress, he found life again.

"On!" he said through his teeth. "We are next the high road. Let us make our stand there, where first they seized your sister."

And, wheeling into the great road, cut through a bank on one side, we backed ourselves, so stiff we scarce could walk, against its side. First stood I, flanked by my two followers, circling to the bank; within, Donald and our Marjory.

How we withstood the attack I know nothing—so fierce it was, so wild a rush, so mad our resistance—save that as I saw each throat within striking distance my point kissed it in deadly embrace, around me, everywhere, a shouting, struggling mass and gleaming blades and scowling eyes. And once, when I beheld the black features of him who had stolen our Marjory, Donald Coldstone, just as a pike-axe crushed my skull, flashed before me, and his shining steel, darting through the air, slashed the face wide open, a flood of crimson whirling before my eyes, in my ears faint cries of dismay from our enemies, my sister, shaking with sobs, holding up my head, to see the dearest, most blessed sight of my life—my brother, Earl of Fastnesse, with the darkest, sternest face that ever met my gaze, galloping, with drawn sword, after the fleeing raiders.



What happened then I know not from seeing it, for senseless on the earth I lay, my sister, with her bruised and exhausted body, at my side; Donald, wounded many times, stretched in the road. But those who were with my brother that day have told me this was the swiftest, bloodiest vengeance ever done in combat.

Yet, coming back to us, with me only revived, did my brother, flinging himself from the saddle and kneeling by my sister, take up our Marjory's hand, stained with dust and soiled with her brother's blood, where she had clasped him, and kiss it over and over again, calling her his sweet bird, his tender blossom, his cherished soul, and a hundred names the like of them, his tall figure rocked with sobbing groans, his eyes streaming tears on her white face, till his servitors and men-at-arms, sitting stock still in their saddles, must have wondered at him whom they thought the proudest, coldest man in all Scotland, and yet who now was like a woman with a bursting heart.

*Stuart Cromwell.*

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## HOW STUBBS BECAME LIEUTENANT.

CORPORAL STUBBS rose with his comrades from the ditch where they had been lying all day, held in reserve, and at the word of command trudged wearily to the rear. They crossed a corn field, and were plunging into the sheltering forest when a shell, with a long-drawn "Wh-e-e-E," came hurtling through the air and splintered a tree into fragments. Instinctively they broke into a run, all except Stubbs and one poor fellow, his nearest friend, who pitched forward and fell into a muddy pool, with a ghastly wound in his chest.

Stubbs stopped, pulled his comrade out of the water, gulped hard once or twice, sighed as he saw no help of his could avail, and held his comrade's hand until the poor tortured soul had fled from the mangled body. Then he started on again at a dog trot, blubbing like a child. But he was dog-tired, his knapsack and musket seemed to weigh a ton, and soon he relapsed into a walk. His company had disappeared in the recesses of the forest. He called to them, but no one answered. And, with memories of the many stragglers "missing" fresh in mind, he pushed on desperately in the direction he thought they had taken.

It seemed to him he had traveled many miles before he came to a snake-fence, the boundary of a wood road. He wriggled through it and dropped on the grass beside the road. As he did so a soldier on the other side of the road rose, and in an instant both men were aiming their unloaded muskets. Looking over the barrel, Stubbs saw the other man wore blue, and both muskets were lowered.

"Lost, same's I?" asked Stubbs.

"Yep," said the other, placidly. "Where in blazes are we?"

"Dunno. We were facing the west all day, and the Johnnies were goin' south when we got 'em on the run. We changed front to keep 'em from flanking us, and, as near as I figger, was facing southwest. I came straight back from 'em, and here I am."

They lit a fire in a sheltered hollow, bruised coffee on a stone with a musket butt, brought water from a pool and made their preparations for a soldier's supper.

"Sh-h-h! Listen!" said Stubbs, suddenly. From the woods came the sound of cracking and breaking brushwood and the thud of feet upon the moss. They sought trees for shelter, loaded their muskets and waited.

Six more Union soldiers slouched into the firelight, and Stubbs breathed easier. They were lost, too, it seemed, although they had come from another division somewhere to the north of the road, which had seen the enemy go north, they swore, with all manner of strange oaths.

"Well, I swan, I give it up," said Stubbs. "I don't know any better what's happened than I usually do, and that ain't much. I do know, though, we ought to have sentries out. I don't hanker for a stay in Andersonville. We'll draw sticks, and the two who get the shortest are the first relief, on till midnight." They all approved this democratic method of choosing sentries, and soon the sentries were posted, a hundred yards out to the right and left on the road, while the old campaigners gathered hemlock boughs, stretched blankets over them and were soon snoring on their fragrant beds, feet to the fire.

Stubbs only was wakeful. He could not sleep when he thought of Jim Scarlett lying out there in the woods unburied, where he had left him. Then he thought, too, of Jim's wife, the girl he had loved, but who wouldn't have him. Perhaps now that Jim was gone—after a while—she might—

The thud of hoofs and jingle of cavalry accoutrements fell upon his well-trained ear. He sprang to his feet, threw his blanket upon the fire and stamped upon it. His companions were up at his first movement, grasping their muskets.

"Cavalry! To the woods!" he whispered, and they stole back into the shadows of the forest. The sentries followed, crashing through the bushes after them.

The little band peered out of their lair like hunted animals. They had loaded, and now watched and waited, while the horsemen came forward at a swinging trot, advance guard and scouts out ahead of them. They emerged into a little clearing through which the road ran, the moonlight fell upon them, and the hidden Union men groaned as they saw the well-known slouch hats and plumes of the Southern troopers.

The blanket laid upon the fire had been smoldering, and soon the flame broke through it. The Southern scouts reined up abruptly, and, with a rattle and a crash, the whole body halted.

"Now, boys, look out for the command," whispered Stubbs. "They can't follow us into the woods."



The scouts drew pistols and came forward.

"Company—ready! Aim! Fire!" shouted Stubbs.

A flash of fire lit up the aisles of the forest as the old muskets spoke, and as it died out the two parties fled in opposite directions. On the road lay two troopers, one silent and still, the other shrieking with pain.

"Scared worse than we were," said Stubbs, as the hoofbeats died away in the distance. "Let's go back."

They returned to the road, but exclaimed in astonishment as they heard shots fired on all sides of them, except that from which the rebels had come, and then heard, faint and far away in the distance, the "long roll" of the drums arousing an army.

"Those are our boys! Hurray!" they shouted, and danced on the road in the firelight.

An officer came riding swiftly down the road to their left.

"Who comes there?" challenged the sentry.

Horse and rider stopped so abruptly that the horse went down on his haunches.

"Friend!" said the rider.

"All right, friend, we haven't any countersign," spoke up Stubbs, who recognized an aid of his own corps. "Come ahead, Colonel, we're friends here."

The Colonel came forward into the firelight, finger on trigger.

"In Heaven's name, what's this firing going on here for?" he asked.

"Why, the Johnnies came along, and we had to stop 'em."

"The rebels—here?"

"Yes, sir. Cavalry."

"Good God! You don't mean it. It can't be possible."

Stubbs led the Colonel up the road. Two men in gray were lying there now, both perfectly still.

The aid threw up his hands with a despairing gesture. Then he took Stubbs aside into the woods and whispered to him.

"Hold this road at any cost, Lieutenant," he said, as he remounted. "Reinforcements will be sent."

"What's that? 'Lieutenant'? Where is he?" asked one of Stubbs's little command.

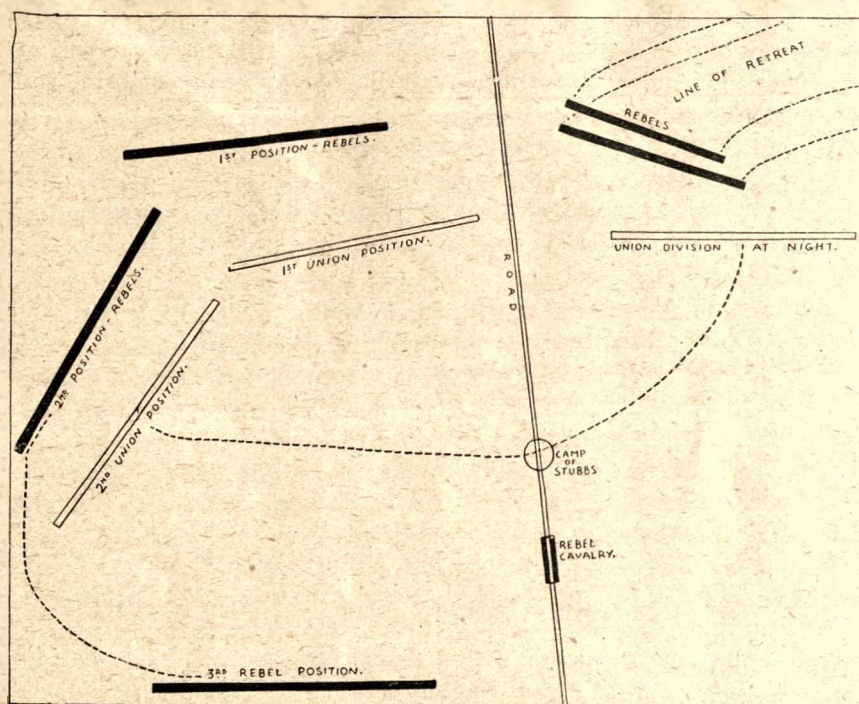
"Right here, Sergeant," responded Stubbs, gravely and with significance. "There was once a man who made his fortune by minding his own business and holding his tongue. Did you ever hear of him?"

"You bet," was the response, as the men, with a grin on their faces, went to their posts.

And now the silence of the forest was disturbed by strange noises. The beating of drums was faintly heard, the clamor of voices, succeeded by the rumble of artillery wheels, the tramp, tramp, tramp of infantry, the muffled thud of the hoofs of cavalry horses. An army was on the move—no, two armies, for the noise came from both north and south. They wondered and

watched, until, as the dawn came stealing between the serried ranks of pines, a battery of artillery came galloping down the road and halted near them.

The cannoneers, as they swung themselves from their boxes, rushed at the astonished Stubbs and his men and hugged them. The officers shook hands with them. Then it all came out. Stubbs and his men had been, it was understood, an outpost, which had been hurriedly placed in a gap between two divisions of the army, when a vigilant general had discovered



*Diagram Showing How Stubbs's Glory Was Won.*

that the gap had been left open and that the enemy had gone around his flank to the rear. The rebels' attempt to come through the gap, cut the army in two and double up its halves like a scroll had been frustrated by the alarm raised by Stubbs and the general's foresight.

Stubbs and his men were modestly silent, and their names went forward in dispatches. A great general received warm congratulations for his sagacity and foresight, and Stubbs—well, Stubbs was lieutenant, and knew enough to mind his own business.

*Charles Sydney Clark.*





## THE NATIVE DRAMATIST.

**W**ESTWARD the course of empire turns its sway. The drama, which first flourished in Greece, then in Rome, sixteen centuries later in England, then in France, then in Germany, is now growing prosperously in American soil. The once eloquent voices of the Athenians are silent or sunken into the echoes of the library. The wit and wisdom of the Latins are equally dumb, for, in spite of Duse and the programme of our new Independent Theatre, we can find no great truth or beauty in Giacosa or D'Annunzio. In England the star of creative work, if not setting, is a long time obscured by the fogs of nothingness. France still has genius, but her poets commune with themselves, not with the common people. Germany, too, remains new in thought and powerful in its utterance, but receives its inspiration from the cold winds of Norway and is analytical in nature rather than splendid in art.

Howsoever we may turn, moderns offer little in comparison with the wealth of the ancients. No later poet has come forth to wear the mantle of Socrates or of Plautus. The Britons are prodigious in commerce, learning and ingenuity, yet all England's resources have failed to produce another Shakespeare and all Ireland's fancy cannot breed a second Sheridan. France holds her Sardou, but he is a trickster; and her Coppee, but he is impracticable; and it may reasonably be said that the race of dramatic Titans, beginning with Moliere, ended with Dumas. Germany has a good man in Sudermann, but he still remains caviare to the general, and wills it so by his brutal fidelity to realism. In these decadent times there is but one dramatic author of undoubted genius. Hendrik Ibsen is still a solitary and remote figure of impressive stature, surrounded, afar off, by pygmies. The nearest to him is Sudermann, then Sardou, then Pinero. But what a distance lies between Sudermann and Schiller, between Pinero and Sheridan, between Sardou and Dumas! With the possible exception of "Magda" and "Diplomacy," what play whose author is still alive will live long after his death? Could all the brains of all the playwrights now in action produce even so recent a work as "La Dame aux Camelias"?

The theatre has developed in every quality save its most important one. The versatile uses of electric lighting, the advancement of scene painting from a trade into a profession, the accumulated wealth invested in auditorium and stage accessories and the broader education of managers and audiences, have raised the stage from a sensory to an artistic and intellectual enjoyment. Even the actor has progressed with the times. Joseph Jefferson is as fine a comedian as Betterton, Ada Rehan is a fit descendant of Peg Woffington, Henry Irving of David Garrick, Mounet-Sully of Talma, Sarah

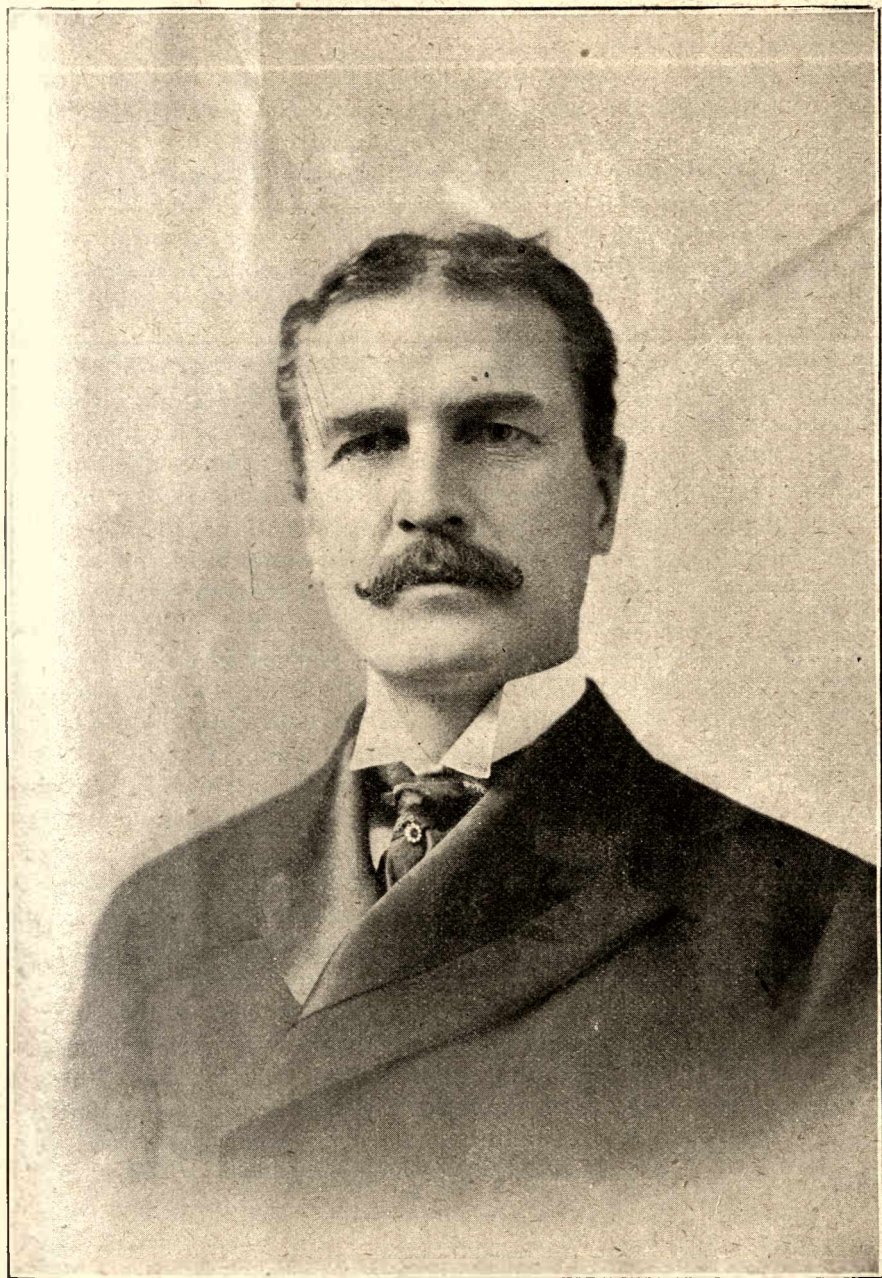
Bernhardt of Rachel, Eleonora Duse of Ristori, and, if England can boast no modern Siddons, she has a new Dora Jordan in Ellen Terry. The only part of the drama that declares decay is the drama itself. The prizes for good writing never were more enviable than now, for beyond doubt William Shakespeare did not earn so much out of his entire works as Bronson Howard received for "Shenandoah"; yet the least scene of "Hamlet" has more value than all the achievements of latter-day authors.

America is a money-making country, and the Yankee mind is, above all things, commercial. With this inherited as well as acquired instinct it was natural that our people should turn their attention to a field of enterprise so profitable as the stage. The origin of this purpose, it may be said, is not creditable. The drama, first of all, calls for spontaneity, and its best works are inspirational. A man does not write a great play because he wants to, but because he has to. The finest play since "Hamlet" is "Camille," which was forged in the fires of feverish youth, its author careless of remuneration, but eloquent with a message which would not down. Dumas's followers write with one hand on the pen, the other in their pockets; and, before beginning a play, Sardou bargains for its sale. Richard Brinsley Sheridan's historic exclamation, "I've got it in me, and, by God! it will come out," was the spirit of genius which lent eloquence to "The School for Scandal."

Except in Germany and Norway, that spirit is now allied to personal emolument. Not that any reasonable person would decry the desire of a man of parts to prove that the laborer, be he intellectual or physical, is worthy of his hire. Indeed, it is this modern utilitarianism that has forced our own authors to enter the tournament of the drama in competition with foreigners. No purely inspirational work has been written in this country. Good plays have been turned out; but they were shop-made, and plainly intended for market. At certain passages in various pieces it is to be observed that our dramatists become inflamed with a touch of the divine fire, but the best of our plays are carefully carved and modeled, upholstered and finished to show well in the shop window. Now, although this trading quality in itself is depressing, it is a substantial foundation. The American would not undertake the drama if it did not guarantee good wages; but, having undertaken it, he must presently escape his commercial projects and catch the fever of original creation. Thus Gainsborough began his career by painting tapsters' signs for a living, and ended it as the master of English art.

It is their occasional flashes of individual spirit rather than their fecundity and acquired technique that give most promise in our dramatists. Although training in harness and well snaffled, they sometimes break loose from the traces of conventionality, and in a voice which, while hesitating, is agreeable, speak independently. As yet they are strongly bound to the traditions set down by English and French authors. But this timidity arises from newness and the ambition to satisfy and be remunerated by the managers. Success in the first effort must lead to prosperity in the second,





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WILLIAM GILLETTE.

A Typical American Dramatist.



and we shall eventually see the American playwright discarding the swaddling clothes of European influence and coming forth in his own shape, naked and not ashamed.

That time, it is necessary to say, has not yet arrived. Bronson Howard, who had the talent, the income and the opportunity to strike an independent note, lacked the courage essential to this step and fell by the wayside. David Belasco, hampered by the vicissitudes of the Frohmans' enmity, the necessity of collaborating with De Mille and the strain of developing an amateur player into an accomplished actress, has never given full swing to the genius which he undoubtedly possesses. Paul Potter has good quality, which was displayed in "Sheridan," and ingenuity, which was shown in "Trilby," but he lacks consistent purpose and is a mechanic rather than an inventor. We have not so much faith in William Gillette as is generally expressed; for his art is tricky, not honest, and he wastes in the elaboration of detail those abilities which would be better engaged in broad sweeps. It is Mr. Gillette's education as an actor that enables him to write popular plays, but this very training prevents him from writing plays that have any chance of life. Plays that make history have fundamental principles of right, and never, in any instance, are they written to tickle popular fancy. The drama makes its audience, not the audience its drama.

However, as has been said, these and other native authors, although inadequate in their conception of the exact purpose of the theatre, have given our drama the only foundation practicable in America. We are not a nation of artists, but of tradesmen, and, by establishing the commercial value of the stage, these writers have prepared the way for young fellows of genius to engage seriously in this profession without danger of starvation. Inspirational work must follow in the footsteps of utilitarian achievement. The native drama is now profitable, and, thus supported, it should be eventually creative. We see more future for our own writers than can reasonably be claimed by the writers of France and England; for our cousins seem largely to be anaemic, while American energy and talent, finding a fresh field for ambition, are constantly pouring new blood into the drama. At present the most distinctive proof of our individuality is discovered in farce, but "The Cat and the Cherub" and "The First Born" strike another key that is original and musical. Possibly this generation will not witness the birth of a genius, but the time seems surely coming when the place long held on our stage by France and England will be occupied by America.

*Hillary Bell.*







**O** TOYO SAN sits tapping the ashes from her silver pipe in one of the small thatched houses that stand just outside the blackened walls of Tatsumi, waiting for her kurumaya, who has dropped the shafts of his jin-riki-sha and is taking a bowl of rice with some old associates at the gate where he served for many years. She is on her way to Biwa, and farther south, and has stopped at the cottage on her way, that she may see her children.

There is longing in her eyes as she sits, half kneeling, on the little square mat by the brazier, now arranging the bits of burning charcoal with the tongs and now taking a pinch of tobacco from the pouch beside her on the matting. Her face is gentle and sweet to look upon. When she smiles her eyes sparkle and her parting lips discover pearly teeth, that have never needed a dentist's care. But her smile is hardly more than courtesy, despite its merry look, for there is a yearning in her heart that a woman of another race could not conceal. She is a mother, but her children are growing up almost as strangers to her.

It is not at all her fault. She had been married when hardly in her teens, without being consulted in the matter. Filial piety and obedience were all the laws she knew, and she had done her parents' bidding without thought of questioning their choice. Her lot had been that of many another native wife, and illustrates in what consideration woman is held in the Land of the Rising Sun.

\* \* \* \* \*

O Toyo San must wait outside to see the children whom she bore in Tatsumi, a boy and a girl. The boy, O Bo Chan, as he is called, is heir to the ancient house. This is the story. It is typical:

Tatsumi is the home of the master of all the region around. He has

owned Hombo, the village extending northward, ever since men first abode there, and the checkerboard of rice fields reaching far out toward the boundaries of Niu Gun, one of the richest Counties in the famous province of Echizen.

Those, however, who have long known Tatsumi and the lord thereof doubt if much but the name of these great possessions will be left by the time O Bo Chan has come to man's estate. Bo's grandfather has been inkiyo many years. Before he retired from active life to devote himself to study and meditation he had lived like a prince, but well within his income. When he handed over his estates to his son, Hikusaburo, he had accompanied the transfer with much good advice.

"Neko ni koban" ("Gold coins to a cat"), thought those who heard him, but they held their peace. Since then their silent prophecy has been fulfilling rapidly. But the inkiyo has not paid heed. His cares for this life are over, and his days are sweet and peaceful. O Kamu San, his honored wife, noticed, but she could not speak. Indeed, soon she was O Kamu San no longer, only O Ba San, grandmother. Her son was the head of the house now, and her duty, as always, was to obey, not to criticise.

So Hikusaburo had all his own way. Never did any one say no to him. His father had given to him O Toyo San before he was done with school. She was the daughter of a rich relation, a sake brewer. Like all other native marriages, it was purely a family arrangement, without civil or religious ceremony. Both houses were happy over the event.

When the bride arrived at the home of her new parents, dressed in silken robes and her face painted white as chalk, the place was thronged with guests. Tatsumi threw wide its gates, and there was feasting for a week. Clam broth and mushrooms were dispensed lavishly. Indeed, there was joy throughout the whole of Echizen.

Later, when a boy was born, the old walls once more overflowed with joyousness. Oji San smiled at his grandchild, and, seeing that it was a healthy babe, put his affairs in order and became inkiyo. Hikusaburo aided him in this, for he was eager to take control. He accepted everything with due humility, even to the patriarchal blessing and advice. Then he began the life he had longed to lead. His home saw little of him, except when he came in with a band of geisha and made merry till the sun rose. Wherever he went the samisen began to twang, and the moon-fiddle, the koto and the drum to fill the air with joy.

One day Hikusaburo, who now was the father of two children, fell in love. He had been in love before often enough for a day or two, or possibly a week; but this time the feeling clung to him and hurt. Of course she was a geisha, for that was the only sort of woman Hikusaburo had paid attention to since he became lord of Tatsumi. He bought her release from the master who had trained her, and took her home, along with a dozen other of her sisters in the art of spending money. He feared lest she might be lonely.



Tatsumi saw wilder times than ever it had known before. Sake flowed like water. Hombo hardly recognized itself. O Kamu San, Hikusaburo's wife, only was unhappy. To see herself, the mother of two children, supplanted by a doll not yet fourteen years old was too much even for her self-abnegation. The cheerfulness which the native code commands to women was not in evidence in her countenance. Hikusaburo spoke harshly, but she would not brighten up. Then he sent her home.

She has not been within the walls of Tatsumi since. She would not enter though not even a ghost were about the place. So she sits outside, waiting, while the melancholy music of the twanging samisen floats out from the zashiki, where once she was mistress and where now my lord makes merry with his doll. The kurumaya says that possibly when my lord is drunk she may see her children.

*Ludlow Brownell.*

## TENNYSON'S LITTLE JOKES.

TENNYSON is not generally regarded as a humorist; and, in fact, the high thoughts and mighty which were forever forming themselves in his brain in the seclusion of Farringford or Aldworth did not leave much time for lighter and less serious things, but he had a vein of humor in his composition, nevertheless, and it crops out now and then in his poems and in his correspondence. No one could have been as great as Tennyson and not have had a sense of humor.

Thackeray's letters to his friends, illustrated with his own drawings in pen and ink on the margins or in the body of the letter, are still a delight, and it is with a fuller appreciation of Tennyson that one realizes that he, too, could be jocose in his correspondence. Not always "through the thick night we hear the trumpets blow" when the Laureate is writing or speaking. He could crack a joke and could appreciate one, and, strange as it may appear, could draw one. A returned traveler from London brings to this magazine an official copy of a letter, now in the British Museum, which Tennyson wrote to William Cox Bennett, the author of "Songs for Sailors," etc. Tennyson had been traveling on the continent, and when he returned found his desk in the state shown in the picture printed herewith. When he came to the letter from Mr. Bennett he answered it in the manner shown in the illustration. His letter reads:

"My Dear Sir—Look at this pile which, on my return from abroad, I find heaped on my table. I ought to have thanked you before for your generous lines; but look at the pile, some three feet high, and let that apologize for my silence, and believe me, tho' penny-post madden, yours ever,

"A. TENNYSON."

The contents of the pile, beginning at the base, are thus described:

MSS. poems—Printed proofsheets of poems—Presentation copies of poems—Printed circulars of poems asking for subscriptions—Newspapers, gracious or malignant, magazines, etc.—Subscriptions asked for church building, schools, Baptist chapels, Wesleyan, etc.—Begging letters of all kinds—Letters from America and Australia from monomaniacs—Letters for autographs—Anonymous insolent letters and letters asking explanation of particular passages.

Among the "anonymous insolent" letters might have been this one, of which his son and biographer speaks:

"Sir—I used to worship you, but now I hate you. I loath and detest you. You beast! So you have taken to imitating Longfellow. Yours, in aversion. \_\_\_\_\_"

Of Ben Jonson Tennyson said: "I can't read him. He seems to be moving in a wide sea of glue"; and, while he liked some things of Samuel Johnson's, he used to say that

"Let observation, with extended view,  
Survey mankind, from China to Peru"

might have been written: "Let observation, with extended observation, observe extensively." When Froude's "Carlyle" was published Tennyson strongly disapproved of the use Froude made of private letters written by Carlyle to his friends, and, in a letter to Gladstone, says:

"I heard of an old lady the other day to whom all the great men of her time had written. When Froude's 'Carlyle' came out she rushed up to her room and to an old chest there, wherein she kept their letters, and flung them into the fire. 'They were written to me,' she said, 'not to the public!' and she set her chimney on fire, and her children and grandchildren ran in: 'The chimney's on fire!' 'Never mind,' she said, and went on burning. I should like to raise an altar to that old lady and burn incense upon it."

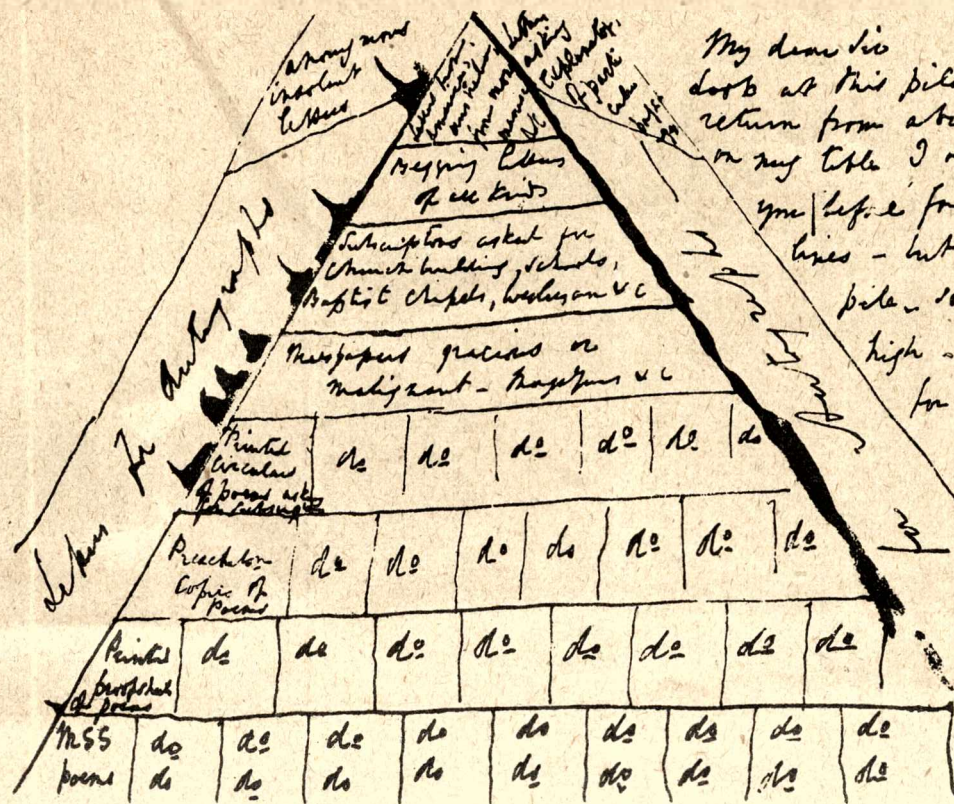
Though there was little in Tennyson's life and surroundings to develop his vein of humor, it crops out every now and then in his writings. There is grim humor in "The Northern Farmer," which relieves the hard satire, and through "The Princess," in spite of its serious purpose, runs a delightful vein of humor.

And there is "The Goose," the story of the golden eggs and the old wife who—

"While, on all sides breaking loose,  
Her household fled the danger,  
Quoth she: 'The devil take the goose  
And God forget the stranger.'"

In "The Day Dream" there is much of humor breaking through, as where, in "The Revival" part, the enchanted palace wakes from a thousand years' nap.





My dear Sir  
 Look at this pile which on my  
 return from abroad I find heaped  
 on my table I ought to have thanked  
 you before for your generous  
 lines - but look at the  
 pile - some three feet  
 high - & let that apologize  
 for my silence -

Believe me  
 Sir, your most obedient  
 friend  
 Tennyson

Tennyson's Pictorial Excuse to a Neglected Correspondent.



"And last with these the king awoke,  
 And in his chair himself uprear'd,  
 And yawn'd and rubbed his face and spoke:  
 'By holy rood, a royal beard!  
 How say you? We have slept, my lords.  
 My beard has grown into my lap.'  
 The barons swore with many words,  
 'Twas but an after-dinner nap.

"'Pardy,' returned the king, 'but still  
 My joints are somewhat stiff or so.  
 My lords, and shall we pass the bill  
 I mentioned half an hour ago?'  
 The Chancellor, sedate and vain,  
 In courteous words returned reply;  
 But dallied with his golden chain,  
 And, smiling, put the question by."

Tennyson was fond of clever repartee, and there were four specimens of that kind of wit which he was never tired of relating and laughing over heartily. One was of the Prince Regent. Once, when that august personage was in Portsmouth, he saw from his carriage "Jack" Towers, and shouted out in his royal and gracious manner: "Hullo! Towers. I hear you are the greatest blackguard in Portsmouth."

Towers made a low bow and replied: "I hope Your Royal Highness has not come here to take away my character!"

The second on the list of the Laureate's pet stories was the retort of Margaret More to Lady Manners. The families of both these ladies had received honors from the crown, and the first time they met Lady Manners said, with a sneer: "Honores mutant Mores."

"That goes better in English," retorted Margaret More; "Honors change Manners."

Tennyson's last joke—the one he kept for a climax to his story-telling—was the retort of an Italian lady to whom Napoleon said: "Tutti Italiani sono perfidi" ("All Italians are perfidious"). The lady replied: "Non tutti, ma Buona parte" ("Not all, but a good part")—a play on Napoleon's name, Buonaparte, as it was spelled before he Frenchified it by dropping the "u." Tennyson used to say that to have made the first two retorts he would give all his poems.

That the correspondence of Tennyson, if made public, would reveal many more humorous letters, such as the one we publish, there can be no doubt; and, in spite of the desire of the Laureate to burn incense at the shrine of the old woman who set the chimney afire burning letters which celebrated men had written her, it is to be hoped that such letters will be published. An opportunity to appreciate the humorous side of Tennyson's nature would round out his fame.

*Irving King.*



# THE ESCAPE



WHEN the hunter reached the broken, swaying roof of the old mill the country lay mapped out clearly under him. He saw how he had lost his bearings, and, better still, could see the river by which the camp was pitched. He stepped back on what was left of the garret floor. Something gave. There came a soft sound of tearing things all around him—then a muffled crashing of rotten wood, and he went down backward in a choking cloud of dirt and century-year-old dust, with the joists and patches of the crazy roof tumbling after him.

When his senses returned he was neatly trapped. Beams lay across his body, pinning both legs and the left arm fast. His head and right arm were the only members that could move, and their motion was uncomfortably limited. All over the old ruin things were raining down softly. After the choking dust had subsided a little he fought hard for freedom, but vainly. The wreckage had him tight.

Then he thought of the gun. He turned his head to the right and spied it, but it was just out of reach of his free arm. And while he looked at it something moved under it.

First it seemed like a rat. Then it wriggled almost clear of the weapon, and out of yellow slits glittered the eyes of a rattlesnake. Again it wriggled, with a horrible spasm. Then he saw that the gun, in falling, had broken its back. In the pain and fury of dying its narrow, unspeakable eyes were fixed on the man, and it fought fiercely against its agony to reach him.

Desperately he forced every muscle against the weight on him, till the blood hammered his head and he was faint and dizzy. But the mass seemed only to settle more firmly.

The snake, again with a dreadful spasm that forced its curved, lipless jaws open with the pain of it, thrust itself forward and crawled clear of the gun. For a minute it lay flat, a nauseating, wrinkled, evil thing, with its tongue, swollen and dark red, playing busily. Across the middle of its thick, triangular body was a deep furrow, and when it stirred again he could see the broken bones move under the folds of the skin.

The falling of rotten wood and dirt had ceased, and there had succeeded so great a silence that, although dust lay on the floor like velvet, each motion of the wounded serpent rustled through the place.

It had not taken its narrow eyes from the penned man since he first saw it. They had queer changing colors, but behind them flamed always a dull red. The torture caused by its writhing brought froth to its hard, yellow

mouth, but made it only the more intent on attack. Every fresh wriggle brought it a tiny bit nearer.

It hissed and struck at the air in its anguish. Again it jerked its maimed body forward until it lay within two feet of the hunter's face. Its odor filled the air to suffocation. The scaly neck swelled, and the flat, triangular head puffed out. The horror of the crawling death gripped him fast.

In his terror he wanted to strike at the thing with his bare hand. He had to set his teeth to restrain the desire. He became conscious that he was trying to scream, but from his throat came only hoarse gasps.

All at once he thought of his last partridge. Poor little bird, with its soft breast torn and bedabbled with blood. How it had looked at him entreatingly with its frightened eyes as he picked it up. And this that was writhing toward him was coming as he had come to the bird, and he was looking at it as helplessly. Looking at it! He feared the fear that he knew was in his eyes.

With another quivering convulsion the snake fell forward a good two inches. It was very close now. The sunbeams fell on its scales and lit them as pearl. Slowly, sufferingly, it gathered its thick body together for a final effort. Its head seemed to grow till it became huge, and the place seemed filled by its swollen, hideous cheeks, with the blazing, poison eyes. Its tongue, swollen dreadfully, shot in and out of its snakebeak unceasingly. It rose, rattling and hissing, flopped forward and fell within six inches of the man's face.

He tried, in madness, to seize it, but his muscles were powerless.

The forked tongue played toward his eyes. Again the heavy coils tried to draw together. The thin jaws opened. The yellow slits fell till they were half closed. Then the flat head dropped suddenly and the thing was dead.

*J. W. Muller.*

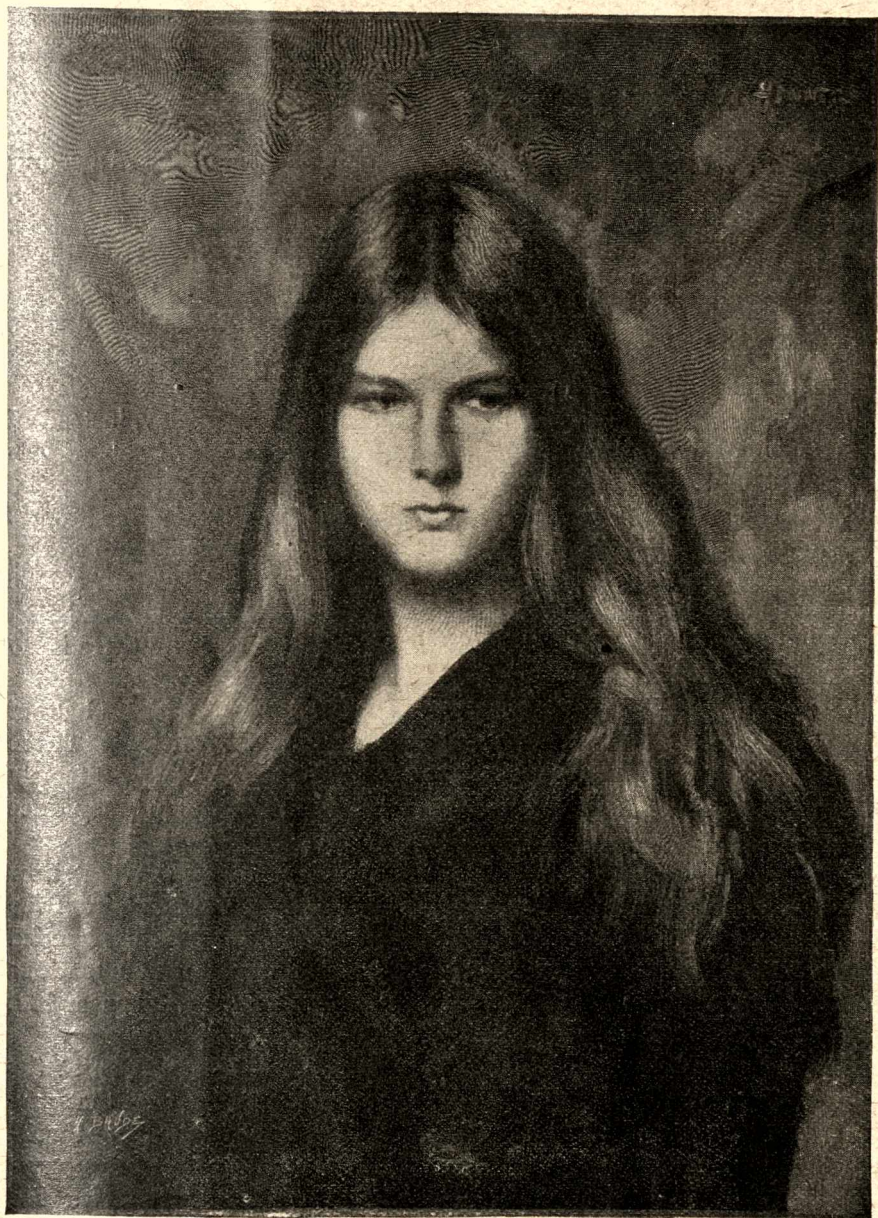
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## AS ROADS DIVERGE.

How near these tracks are,  
Yet how far apart!  
Emerging from this single station,  
In parallel alignment, almost touching,  
Yet how diverse their destinations!  
A little to the right, a little to the left,  
And the brave West we see or the old East.  
'Tis so in life. We journey for a little, hand in hand,  
As though we held eternal fellowship;  
Then at some curve, or switch, or cut, or crossing,  
With scant farewell we part to meet no more.

*Nevins Church Hyde.*





A YOUNG GIRL.

After the Painting by Jean Jacques Henner.



## THE YOUNG AUTHOR.

ONE of the wisest and wittiest writers of yore once advised a young friend who had perpetrated a poem to stow it away, like wine, for nine years and let it ripen before trying it on the public. Of course he didn't really mean that a production of any merit or promise ought to be literally treated that way. The point, gently inserted, so as not to make a rankling wound in the sensitive authorial skin, was that the youngster himself might ripen, and be glad he hadn't mistaken his vocation and rushed into print with a crude composition. -

So, if I were writing to the Young Author of the present day, instead of about him, chiefly, I might paraphrase Punch's celebrated advice about getting married, and say: "Don't be one!"

The brambles in the path of the Young Author are so many, the flowers so far between, the rewards even of able and well-trained authorship so uncertain. A Poe may linger for months on the edge of starvation; a Roe may coin a competence out of a dozen flimsy novels that nobody reads ten years after his translation to some sphere where all is right and there is no more writing.

But the Young Author is a fascinating, romantic figure, with his halo of hope and ambition and his faith that he has a message to deliver. Those who are old in the harness, whose feet are callous in the treadmill, entertain for him a kind of sneaking fondness. And surely they should; they once were he.

Don't they remember, when their first article or poem saw the light, how their eyes feasted on the proof-slip? Perhaps they carried it home from the office where that awful being, the Editor, awful even when friendly, handed it over, remarking: "You may like to change a few words or punctuations in this. Let me know if it is all right in plenty of time. It will appear in a few days."

Of course it was all right. The Young Author felt it must be at the start, and how proudly he walked along the common street, with that precious morsel of immortality in his breast-pocket, right against the throbbing, bounding, boundless heart of youth! The keen eyes of other wayfarers searched his hairless authorial face. Did they divine his secret? He blushed like a schoolgirl over her first rudely spelled love-letter from the squint-eyed boy in the class above, and he hurried on.

How many times in private he perused that production! What grievous doubt he was in concerning certain dangerous, designing commas that the compositor had added! But he hardly dared strike them out for fear of



offending the typesetter, who, next to an editor, was then the most awful and mysterious of mortals.

The Young Author, of course, by following mail informed the Editor that it was all right, not being able to let go again from his fond hands that lovely first piece of proof—that he was an author.

Alas! those few days that the Editor had casually mentioned lengthened into a week, then a fortnight, then a month. Waiting well-nigh caused a fit of fever. At last it appeared, but not in a prominent position. No; it was tucked away in a lower right-hand corner, where it had evidently been slapped just to fill up a page.

Still, it had come out, and the world would see it, and the youngster's candle would not be hid forever under a bushel.

He knew, too, that most things in this best of all known worlds have to be paid for in some way, and, after due waiting, he, perhaps, screwed up his Bob Acres courage to the pitch of hinting to the Editor that he had not received any honorarium of a pecuniary nature. "Why," that Superior Being remarked, "you have been paid, my boy, in fame. You must expect to write a good deal for nothing, in order to get your name before the public."

Or else the Editor may have been, as in one case within knowledge, so overwhelmingly tickled by the audacity of such asking for payment of a first effort that he engaged the juvenile scribe on the spot, at an indefinite salary—i. e., agreeing to give him at the end of the week whatever he had been worth.

The Young Author of this allusion got just \$2.50 at the end of about the hardest and most earnestly active week of his life. He lived for several months on weekly douceurs that varied between a dollar and four dollars, but never rose to the dignity of a V. Yet he was particularly cheerful about it, a thoroughbred Bohemian, to whom the work was the thing, and literature, as poetry to Coleridge, "its own exceeding great reward."

The above is a true story of a Young Author's beginning in a provincial town twenty years ago, and, with slight variations, it fits many cases. Things have changed a good deal since then, but, really, that youngster was lucky to get an opening so soon, even though so small a one. There are authors to-day in New York—not Young Authors, either, but fellows that have won their spurs—who are thankful to find positions of office drudgery that will bring them in twenty-five dollars a week.

A man of this kind I know, with no bad habits such as hold some men back. A recent book of his is in its third edition and has received handsome notices from competent critics, but he is having such a constant struggle to keep the wolf from howling loudly at the door o' nights that he can hardly get a wink of sleep.

Five years ago an extreme case presented itself to me in a newspaper office. A man one of whose books had made him deservedly famous joined the staff, and I had to map out and supervise his work. I felt like apologizing to him all the time.

Later he told me that the book which had famed him and on which his royalties had run into thousands of dollars had not really advantaged him one cent, for he had been in debt for years previously, and all his gains were used up in "burying dead horses," as he phrased it. A year after, when I was in another editorial chair, the same man was anxious to secure an office position of any kind at twenty dollars a week, to help him eke out his profits as an author.

I speak of these things to show that in authorship proper of a high grade, unless a man makes a sudden hit and then "nurses the balls all around the table," as Bret Harte and some others have done; or unless he manages, by favor or log-rolling, to get into some powerful coterie, there is not a sufficiently tempting living to inspire the Young Author materially.

But if he is the genuine article, what matters to him this latter consideration? Money is with him only incidental to his ambition. Unless he gets married and has a large family, he can be comfortable on an astonishingly small and even irregular income.

When one of the great Scotch magazines was being started, the projectors were casting about for an appropriate Latin motto to put on the title page. A wag suggested the phrase in one of Virgil's charming eclogues, "*Musam meditaris avena*," changing only the verb to the first person plural and subjoining for comprehension of the unclassical the following translation: "We cultivate literature on a little oatmeal." This, considering, with literary poverty in general, the Scotch partiality to that kind of provender, so cheap and so filling at the price, and the perfect pun contained in the translation of the word *avena*, is one of those rare things that are both witty and humorous.

The application of this anecdote in present connection is double. The Young Author must be willing, if he is going to devote himself to authorship pure and simple, to cultivate literature on a little oatmeal. If he is some day to be a great author, he must almost take upon himself at the start the Jesuit vow of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience, the last being meant as obedience to the Light Within.

Samely, if he is to attain a moderate measure of success, rigid economy or simplicity of life must supplement his industry. Even so, failure may be his portion for many long and bitter years, possibly always; and he must learn a stern practical philosophy. There are grand successes in this world, there are vile ones—Balzac and Gould, how infinitely antipodal! There are also fine failures as well as petty ones. As a poet has said:

There be, withal, in Life's mysterious maze  
Seeming failures, sure distresses,  
Far superber than successes;  
Some suns at setting show more glorious rays  
'Mid shrouding clouds than those that roll through cloudless days.

It may, indeed, safely be said that there is not a living in literature



proper for the Young Author, on the whole, except in the barest way. If, however, he can manage to get a position, preferably of some commercial kind, where the service does not use up all his energies; if he makes literature a side issue, takes it as his recreation, so to speak, he may, after a few years, get a respectable hearing from the editors of some literary periodicals or he may get his book published on its merits. If he writes a very bad book, he may get it much more readily published on its demerits.

There is also for the Young Author the gateway of the newspaper profession. It would not be true to say that for him over this is inscribed a quotation of Dante's celebrated line: "Let those who enter here leave hope behind!"; for through this gateway have passed several Young Authors who afterward became Powers in Letters. A newspaper training may be of immense advantage to the youth who aspires for authorship.

On the other hand, this profession of ours—trade it should be called, though it ought to be made a profession—is a marvelous absorbent of abilities. The majority of "Young Authors" who get into the charmed and charming circle of newspaper life stay there. Authorship, after a while, becomes with them a secondary or ornamental affair. They get fascinated by the intensity and variety of newspaper life. Not a few grow finally prouder of being known in the fraternity as first-rate newspaper men than as authors of any books they may have launched between whiles.

Hence one is tempted at times to warn the Young Author against seeking work on a newspaper. But if he does, he ought always to ask for the lowest reportorial position at the start, not for an editorship of any sort. When I was running a daily, seventeen years ago, in the liveliest Western town of my acquaintance, a Young Author applied to me and said he would like to write editorials, modestly adding that he would "tackle the job" for twenty dollars a week and his board. I was tearfully constrained to reply that I could give him his board all right, but I didn't dare trust any man to write editorials unless his price was at least a dollar a minute.

"Relating back," as the lawyers say in their queer and costly jargon, to the double application of the joke about devoting one's self to Literature and having to put up with a diet of Scotch oatmeal, it is only fair that the Young Author should know the full measure of what he has to contend with in this country, if he shall become the Young Author Militant.

He may have rich native talent, but unless he can secure, by hook or by crook, some kind of "pull," or unless he can worm himself or be introduced into one of the regnant coteries and then further commercialize his mind by systematic log-rolling, his chances for obtaining speedy recognition are few and slight.

The man of largest mind I ever met, with acquisitions that seemed well-nigh boundless in many branches of scientific knowledge—a profound musician, an expert in the chemistry of color, a wit and humorist of subtle originality, master of several styles in composition, profoundly versed in poetry, adept in law and political affairs—did not succeed in gaining the

attention of the "leading" magazines of this country or of any publisher, and passed away at fifty-five without ever having received as much as fifty-five dollars a week for his services. Indeed, the highest salary I ever knew of his getting was forty dollars a week for writing editorials on a Republican paper, he being a Confederate Major, who had about as much use for the Republican party as the Devil has for Holy Water, except when he's horribly thirsty.

The obstacles in the way of the outsider are even greater than in his day or a dozen years ago. Powerful syndicates have sprung up, most of whom bank chiefly on productions by foreign pens. They take a sprinkling of American writings, to be sure, so as not to make their indifference to the American author too tremendously apparent. But they are very naive sometimes in their revelations of partiality for the Scotch or English school of authors, especially the oatmeal brand, as against anything American.

Here is an anecdote in point. An American author of some note, one of whose tales had been a marked success, was recently induced, much against his will, to offer the manuscript of a new book to one of these. The reader of the concern complimented the work highly, saying that the story had kept him up all night till finished, but that he didn't think it could be handled for eight months, if it could be then. The author asked why. The reply was, in substance, that the firm had a man in England buying up the American and provincial rights of all favorite authors or those likely to become so, and, as already there was a large supply of foreign stories on hand, the chances for using the American product were faint. "Then there wasn't any use in your reading my manuscript that I can see," remarked the author; "in fact, it was a waste of your valuable time and mine." "Oh, no; I wasn't doing much of anything, and I enjoyed reading it very much," replied the courteous syndicate official. Pocketing the compliment and possibly regretting that he had not been reared on oatmeal bannocks and haggis, the American left the foreign office.

This kind of a Foreign Office dominates to-day American literature, in spite of the efforts which Poe in his time and Lowell following and Howells following him have made to free this country in a literary way. I am alluding in this last clause, not to the novels of Howells, which, however admirable and enjoyable in certain ways, have not added to the virility and stability of American literature, but to the stand he used to make against the lowering tendencies of the English novel; and against the Englishman, not simply that he is one, but on account of a mere reckless commercialism which once found English works profitable, because our publishers could print them without paying the authors therefor, and which now makes them profitable because, by trust methods and by an elaborate system of log-rolling, puffery, etc., it can foist on the public and maintain in the van of sale a horde of second-rate foreign writers, with only two men, or possibly three, of first-rate talent among them.

The former absence of international copyright gave the American pub-



lisher an advantage which he used against both the English and American author. The copyright law has bettered the condition of the English author, because the methods of modern commerce have been superadded in his favor. So far it has helped the American author but rarely and comparatively little. It may, however, be rectified by an aggressive American syndicate, which, dealing only in the works of native authors, shall fight the foreigners squarely out of the field, inch by inch. The same remarks apply to our stage. New York, with the rest of the country, is provincial to London and Paris.

Yet there are signs of promise. The rebellion has been well started, and the Young Author, with all the elders now looking at him in benign pity, has some prospect of better conditions. But to get and keep them he must fight for them.

*Henry Austin.*

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## HER CHAPERON.

My darling's face was fair to see.

My darling's lips were sweet.

A dear delight it was to see

Her dancing little feet.

I loved her so! But, left alone,

I flirted with her chaperon.

My solitaire blazed like a star

Upon her flashing hand,

As, sought by gallants near and far,

Her rosy face she fanned.

She smiled, and I, in tender tone—

I flirted with her chaperon.

I caught her look of quick amaze,

Gave look for look, until

I felt the wound within that gaze

And saw the grieved eyes fill.

I stifled conscience with a groan;

I flirted with her chaperon.

The one word "brute" my actions spelt;

Yet, in my midnight lair,

Before I went to sleep, I knelt

To say a wee, worn prayer.

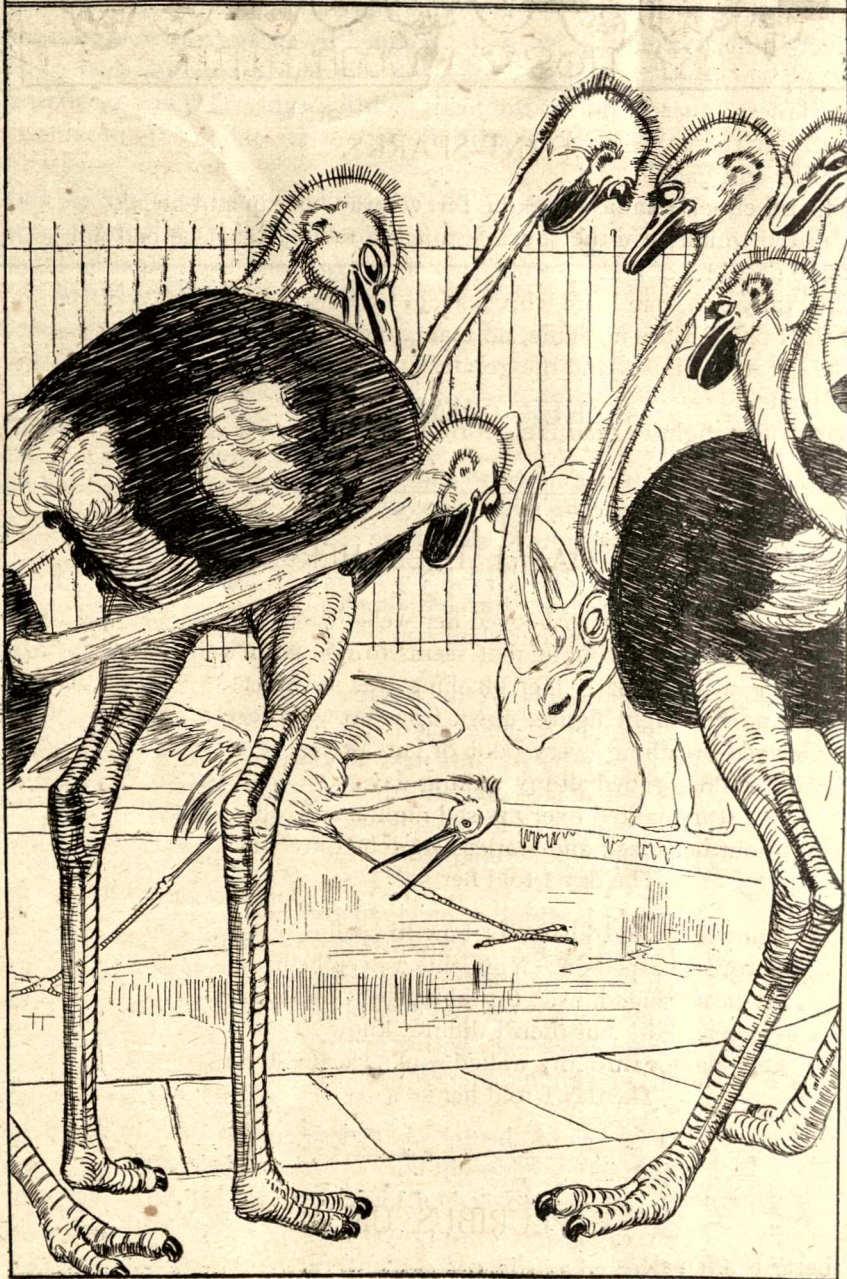
(I blushed a little, too, I own!)

It wasn't for her chaperon.

*Esther Forster.*

## AT THE ZOO SKATING RINK

A BEGINNER OBSERVED BY MR RHINOCEROS AND THE OSTRICH LADIES.







## FLINT-SPARKS.

When the fool became drunk he threw away his cap and bells.

No hero would have the courage to eat a raw oyster if he had not seen others do so.

The really rich man is he who has laid by fragrant memories.

If the Sphinx wore no smile, no man would believe she had a secret.

The greatest failures and the greatest successes are made by the discontented man.

The pen is mightier than the sword, but only when it is dipped in blood.

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## THE DAY I TOLD HER SO.

The day I told her so I loved her well,

With that fond thought that seems to rise and swell

Up in the throat. Her blushing was so sweet!

And her slight figure, down from brow to feet,  
Seemed breathing every odor of fair Mays.

Her smiling gilded all my waking days,

Her tears darked over my sad nights, and, oh!  
Without her black and starless stretched my ways,

The day I told her so!

But now I know I knew not how to spell

The word I harped on. Now, like a deep bell,

My heart rings music, throbbing beat on beat.  
I love her. Ah! but then I did not know

That clamor thro' my waked soul's vacant street,

The day I told her so!

---

## E PLURIBUS UNUM.

Liberty is a female.

The figure of Liberty is stamped upon our coins.

Hence the phrase "Money talks."

**ANNOUNCEMENT:** The next number of this Magazine will contain among other notable attractions, an article by the Hon. JOSEPH H. MARSH, ex-chairman of the Republican National Committee, on THE YOUNG MAN AND POLITICS, a contribution of timely and lasting interest. A complete illustrated story, ROYAL PARDON, by STUART CROMWELL, dealing with the character of a man strongly portrayed in "The Raiders," printed in the present number. These and other stories to appear later under the general head, "Our Bar Sinister," will be found to be some of the greatest fiction that has been written in this country in recent years. Also a contribution that will attract general attention to FATAL PAIGNING—the facts given, showing the increasing strain of American population, are startling. Short stories will be a particularly strong feature.

## HOW TO FIND OUT.

Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains your linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

## WHAT TO DO.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills every wish in relieving pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passages. It corrects inability to hold urine and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to get up many times during the night to urinate. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists, price fifty cents and one dollar. So remarkably successful has Swamp-Root been that if you wish to prove its great merit, you may have a sample bottle and pamphlet both sent free by mail. Mention this magazine and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The fact that this liberal offer appears in this magazine is a sufficient guarantee of genuineness.

## HOW OFTEN WE NOTICE.

The old caution, "Beware of imitations," "Be sure to get the genuine," "Take no substitute," etc., and in nearly every case it is a genuine warning to the public, and not an advertising dodge. In this instance, take the case of Mennen's Faintly-Perfumed Toilet Powder. This article of merit, indorsed by the highest medical authorities. The proprietors spent thousands of dollars to bring it before the public; its merits were recognized, and it came to be a staple article from Maine to California and Texas. Immediately imitations were put out in all directions, imitations of the name and imitations of the packages. A superior article at a lower price, liable to harm the user and harm the reputation of the original. Any one wishing a sample of "Mennen's" can procure it without charge by sending to Gerhardt Mennen Co., Newark, N. J. All drug stores sell it at 25 cents a package. Be sure to get "Mennen's."

## FOR BRAIN WORKERS.

We particularly call the attention of our readers to the display advertisement in our advertising columns of the J. C. dike Promotion Company headed "GIVE US YOUR ANSWER FOR YOU." Do not fail to read this advertisement, as it may be the means of making you \$250.00 in gold for an hour's work. This advertisement will appear again. The gentlemen connected with this company are perfectly reliable and will do all they agree to. Send your answer to-day.

## FREE TO ALL WOMEN.

I have learned of a very simple treatment which will readily cure all female disorders. It is nature's own remedy, and I will gladly send it free to every suffering woman. Address Mrs. E. Rush, Joliet, Ill.



# \$250.00 TO EVERYONE WHO SOLVES THIS PROBLEM

**NO DIVIDING**  
THE WHOLE  
\$250.00 Paid To  
Everyone Sending  
Correct Solution...

**EVERY ONE** who makes three or more correct words from the list below gets a prize.  
**EVERY ONE** who sends in the whole list correctly will receive **\$250.00 IN GOLD.**  
**EVERY ONE** who sends 12 correct answers gets **\$100.00 IN GOLD.**

**NO WAITING**  
Rewards Sent  
**EVERY DAY** as  
Correct Solutions  
Are Received.

We are engaged in promoting a company to operate in the Gold Fields of the Klondike. The company has a special machine for placer mining that does the work of 150 men. Men working by hand have taken out \$1000 per day and more. One instance shows \$14000.00 for one man's work in one day. We want to put 40 of these machines at work; we want small investments of 25 cents each to use in promoting this enterprise. Every penny may bring back \$10.00 in profits. We don't want to go through the slow method of getting large capital invested by a few persons, but prefer to get in communication with a large number who are inclined to risk a little for the probability of getting a fortune. In order to get into communication with half a million of that kind of people, we have got up the following contest: It gives you a chance to get \$250.00 quick if you solve the problem, or \$100.00 if you partly solve it. **THE REWARDS WILL BE PAID PROMPTLY** each day as correct solutions are received.

## HERE ARE THE WORD PUZZLES! CAN YOU SOLVE THEM?

Fill in the proper letters in these spaces and make the complete words we have selected. Can you do it? **\$250.00 IN GOLD IF YOU SEND IN FULL LIST CORRECT.** A valuable prize if three or more words are correct.

1. **—ALK** Something a good horse never does in harness.
2. **—A—BAL—** A well known game.
3. **—IC—ET** Something used by railroad companies to be sure passengers have paid their fare.
4. **K—O—** A place in the northern part of America where many gold mines are found.
5. **—I—E** Something many happily married men are very fond of.
6. **M—T—R** Something found in a brick school house.
7. **—EEL** Something which forms a part of every bicycle.
8. **PRO—CTION** Something that is bringing prosperity under President McKinley's administration.

9. **P—** **—RITY** What the Republican party are trying for since they got in power. Something everyone uses who carries a watch.
10. **CHA—** A part of every person below the head which is often affected or sore when they catch cold.
11. **TH—A—** An abiding place which every one must have.
12. **—OM—** Worn by many people on the feet in winter.
13. **—OO—** Something that makes a life like reproduction.
14. **PHO—OG—APH** Something which cannot be done without water.
15. **W—** **—ING** Something children are fond of.
16. **C—ND—**

**EXPLANATION.** Each dash appearing in the partially spelled words indicates the absence of a certain letter, and when the proper letters are supplied the original word we have selected to form each riddle will be found complete. Example: No. 16, C—ND—, Something children are fond of. In this case the omitted letters are A and Y, which, when properly inserted make the word CANDY.

**THE CONDITIONS** are that you send with your answer 25 cents to be invested in the promotion fund or the great co-operative gold mining enterprise in the Klondike. You will receive for this an investment certificate which may enable you to participate in the companies' profits.

**REMEMBER** that every one who sends in the correct answer to the full list of words gets \$250.00 in gold. Every one who correctly solves 3 words gets a splendid pin, an exact reproduction of a natural nugget of Klondike gold, the latest, most unique and fashionable jewelry novelty, suitable for ladies' or gentlemen's wear.

**BUT THIS IS NOT ALL** Every one who enters this contest will receive an easy proposition by which they may have returned to them \$5000.00 to \$10,000.00 in gold, enough money to keep them comfortably for years. **REMEMBER** also that the rewards will be promptly paid in gold as soon as the correct answers are received.

**SAFE GUARD.** The above complete 16 words have been selected by us, written down, securely sealed and locked in the safety deposit vault of the ROYAL TRUST COMPANY, of this city, not to be opened or published until this contest has ended.

No answers will be considered after 60 days from dates of papers in which this advertisement appears. Rewards will be paid promptly in Gold. The publishers of this paper or any bank or business house in Chicago will assure you of our Absolute Responsibility. Answer at once. Send silver or stamps. Address

Dept. 81, KLONDIKE PROMOTION COMPANY, Dexter Building, Chicago, Ill.

## CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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Iridium pointed 14k pen. Handsomely Chased Hard Rubber Holder—No Defects.



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- |   |   |
|---|---|
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| <b>B</b> Cures Rheumatic Gout, Constipation obstinate in Infants, Hives and Itching.  | <b>O</b> Cures Mucous Dyspepsia, Measles, Suppressed Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, Chronic Congestion of Liver.  |
| <b>C</b> Cures Enlarged Glands, Scrofula, Abscesses, Boils, Loss of Voice.  | <b>P</b> Cures Nervous Debility, Sleeplessness, Want of Nerve Power, Nervous Headache, Paralyzing Pain in the Limbs.  |
| <b>D</b> Cures Spasmodic Asthma, Cramps, Epilepsy.  | <b>Q</b> Cures Colds, Pneumonia, Bronchitis, Nosebleed, Earache.  |
| <b>E</b> Cures Organic Heart Disease, Intolerable Flashes of Heat over Face and Body.   | <b>R</b> Cures Influenza, Asthma, Exhausted Vitality, Cholera, Skin Diseases.   |
| <b>F</b> Cures Constitutional Weakness, Consumption, Slow Developing of Children, Enlarged Tonsils, Rapid Decay of Teeth, Headache of School Girls. | <b>S</b> Cures Worm Affections, Grating of Teeth during Sleep, Wetting Bed, Cough in Children.  |
| <b>G</b> Cures Acute Rheumatism, Lameness, Chicken Pox, Erysipelas.   | <b>T</b> Cures Abscesses, Phthisis, Sciatica, Chronic Rheumatism.   |
| <b>H</b> Cures Constipation, Dyspepsia, Heartburn, Headache and Vertigo.  | <b>U</b> Cures Backache, Cataract of Eye, For Chronic Piles, alternate with Q every 2 hours.  |
| <b>I</b> Cures Deafness, Torpid Liver, Mumps, Jaundice, Catarrhal Affections, Toothache from decayed teeth.   | <b>V</b> Cures Chronic Gout, Acts on Cells of Liver and Kidneys, Gravel, Sandy Urine, Diabetes.   |
| <b>J</b> Cures Convulsions, all Nervous Complaints, Chief Remedy for Baby Colic. For St. Vitus' Dance alternate with F.                             | <b>W</b> Cures Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Pimples and Pustules on Face.   |
| <b>K</b> Cures Disorders of the Heart, Slow Pulsation, Inflammation of Stomach, Urinary Troubles.   | <b>X</b> Cures Periodical Sick Headache, Neuralgia of the Head, Hot Flashes of upper part of the body.  |
| <b>L</b> Cures Delayed Menses, Heavy Headache, Great Weakness of Digestion, Aching Pains of Eye-balls.  | <b>Y</b> Cures Chronic Catarrh, Ricketts in Children, Scanty Urine.   |
| <b>M</b> Cures Influenza, Pain in Back, Inflammation of the Eyes, Quinsy.   | <b>Z</b> Special for La Grippe, Colds and Hay Fever. Dissolve in mouth one Tablet every hour until relieved, then one every two or three hours until cured. |

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